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HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In preparing biographical sketches of prominent statesmen in the thirty-fifth Congress, we are constantly reminded of the advantages which a Republic confers upon energetic and gifted men, who, born in comparative obscurity, might, under other forms of government, never rise above the daily strife for daily bread, and, accomplishing no grander purpose than wresting by fierce struggle a bare subsistence for themselves and families, would pass on into the silence of nameless obscurity "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." If Congress may be taken as a criterion, the Republic has not so greatly degenerated after all; for many of the most prominent legislators in both branches are men whose rare genius, intense application, indomitable will, and unswerving rectitude have enabled them to rise from the shoe-bench, the factory, the forge, and the farm, to the solid dignity which, after all croaking, still appertains to American Senators and Representatives.

Among those who in elevating themselves have illustrated the true worth of our institutions, we must award a very high place to the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, whose likeness our artist has so admirably presented herewith. Mr. Grow was born in Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on the 31st of August, 1823. His father, Joseph Grow, died when the subject of this memoir was only three years of age; leaving the mother to provide for a family of six children, of whom four were sons. The youngest child was only three months old at the time of this sad bereavement, and on settling up the affairs of the family it was found there was barely enough of property to pay up all indebtedness. Fortunately Mrs. Grow was a woman of remarkable energy and decision of character; instead, therefore, of losing all courage and bemoaning her lot, she gathered her little flock about her and removed to the residence of her father, Captain Samuel Robbins, who lived in Voluntown, in the same county. Here she engaged in trade and farming; and, to her honor be it said, succeeded not only in providing for her young family, but also accumulated a surplus, which afterward laid the foundation for the present prosperous circumstances of her children. The best answer to the inquiry "What can woman do?" might be given in the history of what this brave and good woman *did*. Unfortunately we are not writing her history, and must therefore content ourselves with this meagre outline of the accomplishments of one woman, who, we are happy to believe, is but a representative of a great many others, that in the lowly cares, and patient endurances, and holy sacrifices of maternal love are quite content to have inscribed upon their tomb-stones, "She hath done what she could," but of whom history and God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

When Mr. Grow was eleven years of age, his mother found that her industry and enterprise had enabled her to save a sufficient sum to defray the expense of removal to the West, and for the sake of her children she determined to make that great sacrifice. Twenty-five years ago the tide of emigration was setting westward; the Northeastern States had commenced to push out advance parties of settlers, who, knowing nothing of what they should encounter, struck boldly into the forests and laid the foundation of our Western prosperity. There were no railroads then to carry the emigrants in a few hours, and for a few dollars, from the valley of the Connecticut to the valley of the Mississippi, but painfully and slowly the caravans moved like snails toward the setting sun; and when the last good-by was said to relatives, and the last view had been taken of the old homestead, the emigrant felt that years must pass before he saw either again, and had faint hope of returning at all.

Despite these serious drawbacks, the Grow family started for the West, and finally took up their abode in a wild and mountainous part of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, which from its romantic beauty they named "Glenwood;" and there is still the residence of the subject of this sketch. For the next few years Galusha led the ordinary life of farmers' boys, attending school when there was opportunity, and undergoing the noble discipline which is afforded by wild mountain scenery to a quick perceptive nature which has also something of cultivation. It is told of him in those early years that he was often in the woods for a week or ten days, sleeping on hemlock boughs, and trusting to his own skill to provide his food. Living in a region of country in which lumber was abundant and good, the winter occupation of all the settlers was the cutting of timber, to be floated in the spring down the stream on which they lived to the Susquehanna (of which it was a tributary), and on to find a market at Baltimore, and other towns lying along Chesapeake Bay. The great event to which Galusha, in common with the other boys, looked forward, was to be permitted to accompany the lumbering parties down the river. When he was about fourteen years of age the desired opportunity came, and he accompanied his brother Frederick to Port Deposit, in Maryland. While here an incident occurred which furnishes very decided testimony to the confidence which his neighbors felt in Mr. Grow's integrity, and the high estimation in which the innate shrewdness of the natives of the well-abused State of Connecticut was held twenty years ago. A friend of the Grows was anxious to send a cargo of lumber to Annapolis to be sold, and intrusted our hero with the business. On arriving at his port he sought out a Mr. Claud, who wished to buy the lumber, but almost feared to trade with such a young merchant. After asking his age, residence, parentage, family connections, and a variety of test questions, it occurred to him to ask, "Were you born in Pennsylvania?"

Grow. "No, Sir, *I was born in Connecticut.*"

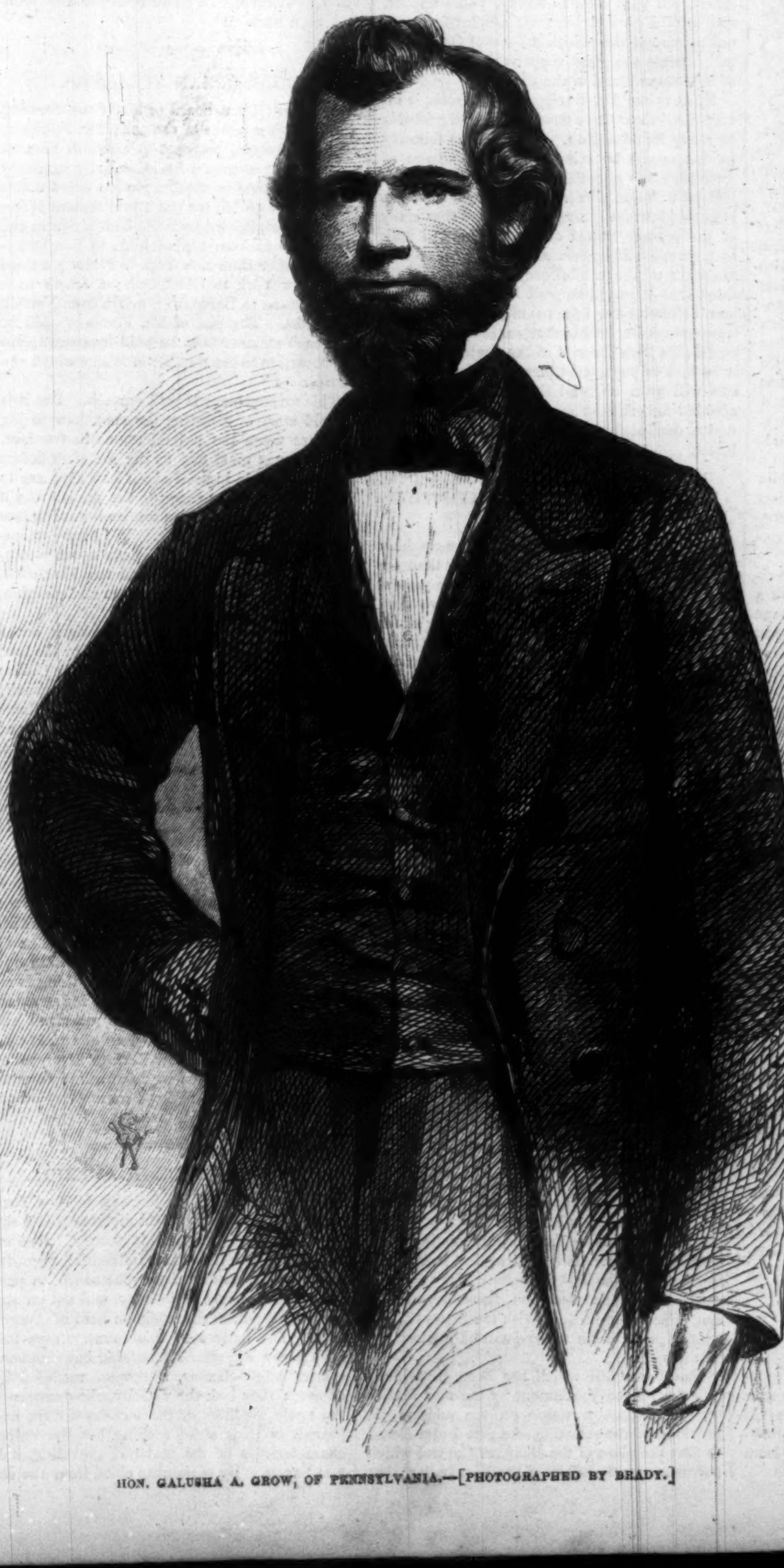
Claud. "Oh yes, I understand it all now; yes, I do want to buy some lumber."

It is needless to add, the cargo was sold to good advantage.

At seventeen years of age, Mr. Grow, being generously helped by his brothers, entered the Freshman class of Amherst College, graduating in 1844. As soon as his collegiate course was completed, he commenced his political life by "stumping" for Polk and Dallas. When the election was over he entered the law office of F. B. Streeter, Esq., late Solicitor to the Treasury, and was admitted to the bar in the autumn of 1847.

In the spring of 1850 it was found that his close application to study while in college, and his subsequent confinement to his business, was impairing his originally fine constitution, and he was forced to retire temporarily from his profession to seek a recuperation of his physical powers in out-door exercise. He accordingly returned to his mother's farm and resumed his place in the field. In the winter of 1850 he surveyed six thousand acres of land into small lots.

In the summer of 1850 the Democratic convention of his county nominated him unanimously for the Legislature, but he declined. In the autumn of the same year he was first elected to Congress. The Democrats of the district were divided, and had two candidates in the field, each claiming to be the regular nominee. Eight days before the election both agreed to resign if Mr. Grow would be the candidate. He was visited by a delegation, who found him not exactly, like Cincinnatus, plowing, but working with a set of hands on the public highway, rebuilding a bridge that had been carried away by a freshet. He heard their proposal and consented to be a candidate; both the other candidates resigned as agreed upon, and a convention was called which nominated Mr. Grow, just one week before the election. He was successful, having a majority of twelve hundred and fifty votes; and in 1851 he took his seat, the youngest member of the thirty-second Congress. The second time he was elected by a majority of seven thousand five hundred; the third time he was elected unanimously, on account of the satisfaction with which men of all parties in his district regarded his strenu-



HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ous opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The last occasion upon which he asked for the votes of his constituency he was elected by a larger vote than he received when there was no opposition. During the Speakership of Mr. Banks, Mr. Grow was chairman of the Committee on Territories, one of the most important positions in the gift of the Speaker. Upon Mr. Banks's retirement from Congress, Mr. Grow became virtually the leader of the Opposition—an arduous post which he has always filled so as not only to win the applause of his friends but to gain the respect of his political opponents. He received the Republican vote for Speaker at the commencement of this session.

In the summer of 1855 he visited Europe in company with Hon. E. B. Morgan and Hon. B. Pringle, of New York, Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, and others. They intended to visit the Crimea, but were prevented by the prevalence of cholera. While in Paris, our Representatives were treated with great consideration by the Emperor of the French, being invited to the ball given in honor of Queen Victoria, who was then visiting Napoleon.

With the probability of a long life before him, having thus early distinguished himself, it would be an idle speculation to set limits to his future. He has already attained a high position as a leader in debate and parliamentary tactics. We may reasonably anticipate more honors and distinction for him; but the pleasure of them for himself, and the worth of them for others, will be found in the facts of his strict personal uprightness and private integrity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TURNING PRINTER.

THE Select Committee on the Public Printing have reported to Congress in favor of a national printing, engraving, electrotyping, lithographing, and bookbinding establishment, under the direct supervision of a Committee of Congress, and under the management of officers to be appointed by the President. The ground on which this recommendation is based is the enormous and disproportionate cost of the printing, etc., of Congress at the present time. Thus it is shown that the cost of printing, lithographing, bookbinding, electrotyping, and engraving for the thirty-fourth Congress was $1,873,707, exclusive of the cost of the *Globe;* while that of the same work for the thirty-third Congress actually amounted to $2,786,296. It is also shown that while the contracts for the Senate and House printing have been awarded to various individuals, the work has invariably been done, of late years, by Mr. Wendell, who has paid the contractors a bonus, or given them a share of his profits. The margin for profit has been so large that one speculator who bought a contract for binding actually paid the contractor twenty per cent. on the gross amount of binding done, and was yet enabled to sell out to a third party, who agreed to do the work for him on half profits. The calculation of the Select Committee is that, by judicious management, the country may save one-third the present expense of printing, and so forth.

This estimate would unquestionably be verified by the result if Congress could establish a great printing and engraving office, and manage it as private printers manage theirs. The least glance at the figures of the public printing shows that the people are shamefully robbed, and that the public printing is not the leanest part of the public plunder. But is there any reason to suppose that matters would be any better managed under the system proposed by the Committee?

If the United States can not have their printing done under the contract system without being robbed of half a million a year, how can they expect to escape robbery when there shall be no competition for the printing contracts, and the printer shall be entitled to draw his check for any amount that he chooses to set down as the actual cost of the work he does?

It would seem that there can be no safer example for the Government to follow than that which is held out by private individuals. When a private mercantile house requires a large quantity of printing, binding, or engraving to be done, it does not establish printing-offices or binderies; common sense teaches it that, being ignorant of the businesses of printing and binding, it will not succeed if it undertakes them. But it quietly proceeds to obtain tenders for the work from prominent binders and printers, and, on an examination thereof, awards the work to the competitor who offers the best security and asks the least money. It does not happen that it is often cheated. Why can not the Government pursue the same course? Let proper means be taken to give all the printers and engravers and binders an opportunity for competition, and there need be no robbery of the Government. A great national printing-office would be as doubtful an experiment as a national bank.

MORE NEW STATES.

As soon as Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon are out of the way, a new crop of States will knock at the national door and demand admission to the Union. Three of them already loom in the distance.

One is Arizona, which, if the stories which are told of its gold-bearing regions be correct, may possibly prove a second California. The world is ripe for the development of a new auriferous region; and, notwithstanding all the individual failures which marked the settlement of California and Australia, the solid successes of many of the emigrants to those countries are well calculated to stimulate a rush to any new country which presents equally dazzling prospects. At present, Arizona is somewhat in the back-ground.

Next, we have a strong prospect of a new State to be carved out of Texas. Of late years there has been a large foreign immigration into that State. To the bulk of these immigrants there are conditions in their present political state and institutions which are highly distasteful; they may be expected to seek admission as an independent commonwealth at no very distant day. At present, Texas would probably resist the division of her territory, but before very long the German element may become strong enough to dictate terms to the Legislature. There is no State in the Union which offers greater promise to immigrants than Texas, and we are not surprised that a large portion of the best European immigration is being diverted thitherward.

Lastly, it is understood that the people of the shore of Lake Superior are about to seek a separate political existence under the name of the State of Ontonagon. Part of the new State is to be carved out of Michigan and part out of Wisconsin. Both States can well spare a slice. According to the plan now proposed the new State would have an area equal to that of New York, and has at present a population of 70,000. So soon as the capitalists who are engaged in mining schemes realize that money is not to be made in mines by stock operations in Wall Street, but that copious outlay, patient labor, and skillful perseverance are absolutely essential to success, the proposed State of Ontonagon will become the great copper-producing region of this country and of the world.

By the time Mr. Buchanan's successor is inaugurated these three new regions will probably be ready for admission. They will be followed in due course by others. The advantage of separate State organization over the system of legislative union pursued in European countries is so obvious that it must be expected that many of the present States of the Union will split as population increases, and give birth to new members of the confederacy. Many already think that it would be well if New York were now divided by a line running due east and west and cutting off Manhattan, Long, and Staten Islands from the rest of the State. Certain it is, that as population increases diverse interests will grow up, and the less room that is afforded for collision among these interests, or undue domination by one over the others, the better.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE SEPOYS?

THE man who was presented with an elephant as a gift was not in a worse position than the English conquerors of India are at the present time. There is every reason to believe that, notwithstanding the heavy odds in favor of the Sepoys, the English have succeeded in thoroughly crushing out the mutiny which reared its formidable head just twelve months ago. Sir Colin Campbell's operations in Oude seem to have completed the work of subduing the Sepoys. Henceforth the operations of the British will be those of police engaged in hunting down bands of guerrillas in the jungles and the mountain fastnesses of Northern India. In the south all is tranquil. Notwithstanding the excellent reasons which were given some months ago for the revolt of the soldiery of Bombay and Madras, the troops in those presidencies have, with few exceptions, remained faithful to their allegiance. At the present time they are perfectly reliable. In the Punjab, which was retained in its normal condition by the vigor and sagacity of Lawrence, there are no signs of trouble, and the authority of Great Britain was never better secured than it is at present. Thus, in a word, the mutineers are annihilated, and those who might have joined them are frightened into tranquillity. The question which arises on this state of facts is, What is to be done with the Sepoys?

At the time the mutiny broke out there were about 17,000 British troops dispersed throughout India, and some 220,000 Sepoys. Of these latter about 100,000 have ceased to exist as a military body. Their place has, for the present, been taken by the British troops who were sent from England to put down the mutiny when it first broke out. It is evident that these regiments can not be kept in India. They cost too much. A double question, therefore, arises: first, What is to be done with the Sepoys? and next, How is India to be guarded against future mutinies?

The India bill which has been introduced into the British Parliament by the new Ministry contains no provision on the subject. It provides for the selection of a new India Board to take the place of the Board of Control which now manages the affairs of the East Indies; but the practical questions of the destiny of the Sepoys and the police of the country it does not touch.

Some one has proposed that regiments be organized of mixed Europeans and natives, in the proportion of one European to three or four natives. The idea which underlies this scheme is, that no regiment thus constituted could mutiny, because the European element would become aware of the plot, and would reveal it. The difficulties are, first, the cost of twenty or thirty thousand European troops to leaven the Indian army; secondly, the palpable impossibility of fusing Europeans and natives into the same body. No decent Hindoo will mess with an Englishman, and very few Englishmen will mess or sleep with a "nigger," as the Hindoos are now called. Regiments consisting of both races would require to be organized in such a manner that the men of each constituted separate companies; and this arrangement would defeat the plan which proposes to make spies of the Europeans.

The revenues of India—as a British colony—show an increasing deficit every year. The whole cost of this war, which can not be less than a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, will have to be a debt chargeable upon the future revenues of the colony. At the present time the taxes on land and labor are actually higher than they ought to be. In many parts of India they grind the peasant to the earth, and keep him and his descendants in perpetual poverty. Whatever scheme be adopted, therefore, it will need to be an economical one. It would seem to follow that the colony must be protected, not by British, but by native troops.

What method can be devised to use the natives to keep themselves in subjection, and, at the same time, to prevent the possibility of their mutinying, it is now left for the English politicians to discover. We had rather it were their task than ours.

MORE OCEAN STEAMERS.

WE have often heard of historians creating armies with a stroke of the pen; Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, proposes to establish lines of transatlantic steamers by an equally summary and inexpensive method. He has given notice of an elaborate bill for the establishment of five ocean post routes between the United States and Europe; one from Philadelphia to Southampton; another from New York to Havre; a third from New York to Gluckstadt; a fourth from New Orleans to Bordeaux; a fifth from Norfolk to Nantes. The gist of Mr. Florence's bill is, that each steamer is to be paid by government in proportion to the number of letters which she carries.

This arrangement is well enough. But it is the old story of directing the cook how to jug the hare when the animal roams in freedom. Mr. Florence must find us the steamers before he need trouble himself about how they are to be remunerated for carrying the mails. As it is, the whole ocean steam service is passing into the hands of Great Britain. We have—to sustain the reputation of American ocean steamers—only the Havre line and the *Vanderbilt*. Where are the vessels to run from Philadelphia, Norfolk, and New Orleans?

No doubt the progress of American ocean steam navigation has been retarded by the fatal weakness of Congress in granting to the Collins line a monopoly of the ocean. As is usually the case, the appeal to passion and national prejudice led us wrong. We have now learned better, and henceforth our steamers, like our handsaws, stand on their own merits. But it will take some time for the effects of the mistake to be cured. A year or two must elapse before men of wealth will risk their means in new ocean steam adventures.

When the time does come for the establishment of new lines of American steamers, New York must be the terminus on this side the ocean. To talk of other places is idle. Neither Boston nor Philadelphia can sustain a line of transatlantic steamships. As to Norfolk and New Orleans, the bare idea of the thing is ridiculous; as much so as that of sending steamers to Nantes and Bordeaux. We must run our line where it will pay best—from one great centre to another—from New York to Liverpool or Southampton. When we have a line successfully working there, perhaps we may try others elsewhere; but not till then.

THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA.

CERTAIN of the Irish journals in New York have been unusually violent of late against the Anglo-Saxon element in this country. One of them, and one of the most influential, urges its readers, with characteristic vehemence, to preserve their separate nationality, and not on any account to mix in the common herd of Americans. The natives of this country, says this Irish paper, are after all nothing but common, coarse, Anglo-Saxons, somewhat modified by climate; they lack the vivacity, the enterprise, the noble qualities of the true-born Celt, and present in their stead nothing but the vulgar characteristics of the material, groveling, animal Saxon. By remaining aloof from the debased and unhappy natives of the country—so our Hibernian monitor argues—the superiority of the Irish can not fail to be recognized at last, and then they will have the choice of all the best offices and the fattest plunder.

It does not happen to be our function to counsel the Irish in America as to their course of conduct. They have counselors enough and to spare, in whom, no doubt, they place proper trust. Nor shall we presume to dispute their pretension to be the noblest race on the continent. They may be that, or any thing else they please, so they let us live in peace.

But we will venture to submit for the consideration of the influential organs of the Irish community whether the conduct of at least a portion of the Irish people in this country is calculated to train them for the position of command to which they conceive themselves entitled. We are dealing with facts, and not with theories; and we know that Irishmen will be glad to meet us on this ground. How then does it happen, as the criminal returns show, that so enormous a proportion of the crime committed in New York is the work of Irishmen? How is it that they people our penitentiaries in so large a proportion? How comes it that so disproportionate a share of the brutal crimes which horrify this community are perpetrated by Irishmen? Common murders are peculiar to no nation; but barbarous murders—stamping out a man's life, outraging and murdering a poor girl, burning a man to death on a hot stove—these, and kindred varieties of murder, seem to be unduly frequent among the Irish. Surely this sort of thing is not the proper apprenticeship for a race which aspires to control this continent.

There seems to be among the Irish a fatal disregard of what we poor Anglo-Saxons are prone to consider the decencies of life. The other day, at Cincinnati, on St. Patrick's Day, the health of Nena Sahib was drunk amidst vociferous applause by a crew of assembled Celts. The authors of the massacre of women and children, the foulest outrages which ever defiled humanity, were in like manner applauded some time since in this city by a meeting of Irishmen, over which Colonel Haskett presided. Of course, the Irish are entitled to exercise their own judgment. But as the general sentiment of this country is not, at the present time, favorable to the mutilation and massacre of helpless children and women, it would seem that these expressions of Irish opinion were ill-adapted to forward their aspirations to dominion. The Irish should make allowance for our Anglo-Saxon stupidity; if they want to rule us, they should at least seem to bow to our prejudices against lawlessness and brutality.

THE NEW FRENCH EMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

THE advocates of a war between England and France have been comforting themselves with the idea that the appointment of Marshal Pelissier to the vacant French Embassy in London implies a menace to Great Britain, and that the famous Crimean General has only been promoted to this responsible post in order to afford him an opportunity of obtaining such a knowledge of the defensive armament of England as would be required by an invading army of Frenchmen.

If Louis Napoleon were so simple as to send Marshal Pelissier to England to spy out her weak points, he would prove conclusively that the decline in his intellect which has so long been foretold had at last begun in earnest. An embassador, like a monarch, can not command privacy. Marshal Pelissier could no more make private surveys of England's coast defenses than Prince Albert could spy out the weaknesses of Cherbourg. Every step that he took, every glance of his eyes, would be duly chronicled in the papers next day. If he remained a thousand years at his post he would never surprise the British engineers. They would know of his coming as soon as he did himself, and all would be prepared; he would see just as much as it was intended he should, and no more. As a spy, he would be not worth as much as the cheapest gipsy peddler.

It is said that his appointment is an insult to Great Britain. This is a purely gratuitous assertion. Throughout the Crimean campaign Marshal Pelissier was scrupulously careful of the feelings of his allies. All the military writers, French and English, testify to his admiration of the British troops. Here and there an idle newspaper scribbler has invented stories tending to show his contempt for the English; but the facts go to prove that he esteemed them highly. In a word, it is perfectly known that among all the influential members of the Emperor's court no one is so firmly and unchangeably wedded to the theory of an English alliance as Marshal Pelissier—the man whose appointment to the mission to England is regarded as a menace by certain writers in the press.

The promotion of the Marshal is susceptible of a very simple explanation. Ten years have elapsed since the last revolution in France. During that period a generation has grown up which knows nothing of the cost of revolutions, and which, with warm French blood in its veins, looks forward to the prospect of barricades with ardor. The only safeguard for the Government against this class is the army. To conciliate the army and to retain its affections is, therefore, the sole thought and aim of the Emperor. Hence all the vacancies which have lately occurred in the civil and diplomatic service have been filled by soldiers, and the best of all the offices in the Emperor's gift—the mission to England—has likewise been awarded to a soldier. The meaning—the only meaning—of Pelissier's appointment is, that so long as the Emperor Napoleon rules France the loaves and fishes are to be the property of those soldiers on whose fidelity the permanency of his dynasty depends.

THE LOUNGER.

THIS YEAR'S PICTURES.

THE new rooms of the National Academy accommodate nearly twice as many pictures as the old. The exhibition of this year is therefore twice as large as usual. But as excellence is not always in the ratio of quantity, it can hardly be said that there are twice as many good pictures as usual. In fact there are, as there always must be, so many poor ones that there is danger of thinking the whole exhibition inferior. But it is not so. On the contrary, although every frequenter of the gallery will miss certain names—Church, perhaps, chiefly—and will find that some of the older men do not appear quite so well as in some other years, yet others, on the contrary, "come out very strong," and give us as good works as we have ever had.

No. 57. *Winter Twilight*, by George H. Boughton, of Albany, is a very admirable picture by a comparatively fresh hand. It is a perfect piece of winter. The chill distance, the dark outline of trees against the sky, the house withdrawing as if into itself, the lustre of the ice in the foreground, as the late gleam of light strikes across it, the dry dash of snow on the same ice, and the hurry of the woodman homeward, are rendered with rare fidelity, and skill, and simplicity. Nor is it only the form and conscientious treatment of the picture, but its sentiment, its apprehension of the winter spirit of the landscape, which makes it a work of art, and irresistibly suggests those verses of Shelley, which show at once the poet and the man:

> "It was a winter such as when birds die
> In the deep forests: and the fishes lie
> Stiffened in the translucent ice; which makes
> Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
> A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick: and when
> Among their children comfortable men
> Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
> Alas! then, for the homeless beggar old!"

The first stanza of the same poem expresses no less truthfully the character of Kensett's pictures. Mr. Kensett is one of those who are "very strong" this season, showing us the fruit of his sea-side studies during the last two or three years. His large work, No. 613, *Sunset on the Coast*, is a view of the sea rolling upon a shore beneath a cliff, probably suggested by Newport coast-scenery. It is a very simple subject, and it is treated with masterly skill. We like to trace, as in Boughton's picture and Shelley's poem, the sympathy and homogeneity of works of art in various kinds, and although Kensett's talent is as little rhetorical as can well be, and Ruskin is the most splendid rhetorician in English literature, yet we are reminded by some touches in the picture of some descriptions of sea scenery in Ruskin's late work upon the ocean. If the subsiding wave in the foreground of No. 613 were a rising wave, a thousand miles from shore, lashed by a tempest, might we not easily see the "green mountainous giddiness of wrath: its overwhelming crest, heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge—"? [The whole passage is in the "Miscellany" of the *Weekly* for last week.] What a turbid, briny swell along the front of the picture! How fresh and sparkling the air! And what a purely American coast!

So in No. 506, *Newport*, the rocky bluff seamed with verdure, and the calmness of the water just curdled into quick ripples by a freshening breeze, lighted by two or three living sails in the distance, are traits of everyday nature, but they are given with an unobtrusive reality which is refreshing. But best of all, perhaps, is No. 128, *Sunset at Newport;* all water and light and cloud, but so exquisitely fused and blended, so rich and sweet and tender, that such a picture upon the parlor wall would be like a rose-bush always in bloom.

It is a pity that Mr. Church does not exhibit this year, for it would be most interesting to compare the different excellences of these two painters. But Mr. Louis R. Mignot's sole picture, No. 215, *Among the Cordilleras*, recalls the later subjects, if not the style, of Church. It is a very large and striking picture, but it represents scenery with which comparatively few are familiar. The darkly-luxuriant, massive verdure of the foreground contrasts well with the arid, rocky summits of the mountains beyond, and the group of lush foliage of poetic forms, the palm and tangled vines, the broad, sun-sucking leaves, and the sheer abyss, muffled with rounded, tufted forest, with the cataract plunging brightly down and winding away through unseen thickets swarming with slimy life, suggest all the fecund opulence of the tropics. It is a most characteristic and effective picture.

Not far from it hangs a very different work, No. 210, *Malaria*, by Hellingford. It has none of the skillful manipulation of No. 215, but it is full of sentiment. It represents a boat crossing a sluggish stream on the Pontine Marshes. A peasant, the victim of the malaria, lies stretched at length, another peasant, with his head carefully shielded by his coat, steers—two or three women and children are grouped around the sick man, while in the front of the boat sits a woman clasping her knees with an air of hopeless dejection. Upon the high bank of the stream, at a little distance, is a Campagna hunter. The picture is not well painted. It is dingy and heavy; but it is entirely dramatic and Italian. There is a sense of disease in the very air. The blighted silence and desolation of the marshes are all there, and more than that, and making the subtle charm of the picture, the nameless blight that hangs like a malaria over Italy, paralyzing its genius and its progress, is symbolized in the figure of the woman hopelessly clasping her knees on the boat's very prow. So sits Italy, sad and effortless, and every thing Italian seems to share the doom.

The Lounger can not catalogue the pictures, nor even name all that he would praise. The eye is almost benumbed by the immediate succession of such different impressions, and when a man has passed through the gallery he may well wonder whether he has even noticed the best. Goethe said that the highest compliment you could pay a collector of paintings was to ask him at once to show you the best. For it implied that he knew which they were. So would the Lounger gladly ask to be shown the best. But there are two hundred and twenty-nine exhibitors: to whom shall he apply?

From week to week he hopes to have a word to say about some of them. Whether they are well painted or not he will possibly be unable to say, for the painters themselves have not yet done discussing that question in the case of pictures hundreds of years old. For himself the Lounger has a profound respect for any man who can put paint upon a canvas so as to resemble any thing but a mud-puddle. He has several times found himself delighted with "crude," "blotchy," "fuzzy," "chalky" performances. They might have been justly liable to those disastrous epithets, but they awakened some kind of sentiment, some remembrance, some longing, some regret, some hope, in which he was more interested than in skillful *chiaro 'scuro*. Does not the great Ruskin pish and pooh at Claude Lorraine's cotton-woolly clouds and trees; and yet is not Claude Lorraine the interpreter of the house Beautiful to many a Lounger?

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

IT is still a question in many minds whether it is delicate for women to speak of their "rights," and whether men do not have a juster and clearer idea of them than women themselves. But a woman's right to say such things as are said in the following sonnets has never been questioned since Eve loved Adam, or Hero lit her lamp for Leander.

TO J * * * * * *.

I.

"I do not love thee with a slavish dread,
Forever waiting on a master's eye,
Or to a sensual sultan bow my head,
Accepting thee as fate and destiny;
Nor would I with a woman's despot power,
Capricious, wish to rule thee to my mood—
Such homage is but transient beauty's dower—
Such tyranny unworthy womanhood.
Love is no iron fetter of the soul,
But true election—freedom good and wise—
Each from the other feels a calm control,
Like God's pure law, in human lips and eyes:
His love is perfect freedom—so is thine;
And ever wast, or thou hadst ne'er been mine.

II.

"Yet while a woman's pride proclaims me free,
A woman's love, her own *free gift*, is thine:
Else were the paltry boon unworthy thee,
Thy image far too noble for its shrine.
But now I dare to lift my head and say,
A manly love, a passion without guile,
Is a possession none can take away,
Nor steal *my* sunshine from thy bounteous smile.
Thus art thou evermore, as now, my own,
Still more and more my own as years pass by,
Life draws its sweetness but from thee alone,
And pride forgets herself in ecstasy.
Thus, though my love, my self, my thoughts, are free,
Their liberty is consecrate to thee.

"O. LAWRAY, *Nightingale House.*"

PASSING THE HAT.

BELISARIUS figured for a long time in history as a sublime beggar—an Edie Ochiltree on the largest possible scale. But investigation has sent such a derogatory rumor about its business, and has decreed that the conqueror of the Goths was able to make his own living.

Lamartine was a kind of conqueror of the Goths on that famous morning when he persuaded the ravening French rabble that the tricolor would only be stained and not glorified if it were drabbled in blood. Lamartine, in fact, did an immense service to Europe and the peace of the world. Mr. Carlyle sedulously squirted rose-water at him; but if Mr. Carlyle's favorite William the Norman or Oliver Cromwell had been in Lamartine's place, there would have been blood instead of rose-water running in the gutters.

Ever since his fall from power—and what an unparalleled fall it was!—Lamartine has been constantly paraded as a public mendicant. Few brave men in any country could have calmly endured such a total loss of public confidence as was evinced in his case; but to a Frenchman, peculiarly sensitive and vain, it would seem that it must have been of overwhelming mortification.

And yet, from being almost first consul of France, Lamartine passes to being the first mendicant in the world without an apparent pang or blush. There is something positively sublime in the appeals made to the charity of mankind in his behalf. This great man! this illustrious poet! this saviour of order! this main-spring of his country! who will not hurry to subscribe a few hundred francs—for what?—to enable him to retain his ancestral estates, his hereditary acres on which his childhood played, over which his mother led her boy, under which he would fain lay his bones—ah me!

That such an appeal should be made once is sad—that it should be done twice is incredible. If France had voted him a million, it would have been an act of national gratitude. If grateful Frenchmen had individually subscribed a million, it would have been an intelligible and natural proceeding. But if his country as such, or its inhabitants, did not move instinctively in the matter, there was the end of it.

What pathetic solemnity invests in the imagination the tragic misfortune of Walter Scott! With what ludicrous compassion it regards the position of Alphonse de Lamartine! And, as if to add the last bitter drop, Louis Napoleon, whom Lamartine adjured France to distrust, now heads the subscription with ten thousand francs!

"SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!"

IN every country, at every period, there is a band of men of about the same age, and of the same sympathies, whose professions and homes may be far apart, who may be never known to each other except by name, but who are conscious that they are working together in the hope of humanity. When one of them falls, under whatever circumstances, and wherever he may be, all the rest follow invisibly the funeral train, and the amen of the prayer is breathed from each surviving heart to heart. So the recent death of Dudley A. Tyng, a young man full of promise, full of energy, full of hearty human sympathy, brings regret and mourning to many a young man who never knew him, but to whom his name was sweet with goodness and heroism. Noble, hopeful, intrepid, he had already made his name dear to many who did not agree with him in opinion, but who were heartily upon his side in the spirit with which he was doing his work. Now his work is done, and he rests from his labors. His life ends suddenly, but not too soon, for a well-spent life is always symmetrical and complete, whether it be long or short. The longest life is little in the sum of all; but no flower that blooms for a day and dies at evening, no little insect, unheard and unseen, that is born and dies with a sunbeam, but has fulfilled all that tropical forests and the whole animated world have fulfilled, for it has done its duty. When that can be said of a *man* as he passes away from our sight and is buried in spring-time, his memory, like the flowers flung upon his grave,

> "Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

A NEW SHAKESPEARE:

NOT a new poet, but a new edition of the old poet, is soon to appear from the press of Little, Brown, & Co., in Boston. There is already one original American edition, that of Mr. Verplanck, which is well known and esteemed; and it is satisfactory to reflect that a poet who belongs to the language, and not to any country, is best presented to his American readers under American auspices.

The publication of the new edition will be an event in our literature and in the literature of Shakespeare. The editor, Richard Grant White, is universally recognized as the most accomplished of our Shakesperians, and his work, "Shakespeare's Scholar," is, without question, the most judicious, intelligent, and comprehensive commentary upon the poet. His peculiar fitness for his task lies in his reverential, and not critical, spirit. His treatment of Shakespeare is that of a man, and not of a grammarian; and we have, consequently, good sense interpreting good sense. So accurate and extensive is his familiarity with the literature and the history of the Elizabethan age—his work is such a labor of love, and taste, and geniality—that the reader will have in it a satisfaction he has, perhaps, in no other: the consciousness that whatever opinion of fact the editor expresses he has the best right to express, and that all his explanations of doubtful points are the views of a profound and sympathetic scholar. Being master of the subject, having all the assistance (and impediment) of all the other commentators and editors; aiming, as he does, to free the poet from the confusion of pedantic criticism, and to give us a simple Shakespeare, we have no hesitation in saying that White's Shakespeare will be the best in the world.

We have had the pleasure of seeing some specimen pages, and we observe that the publishers fully appreciate the value and importance of the work they have undertaken; and that in exquisite typography, careful arrangement, and general fitness and beauty, the volumes will be entirely what such an edition should be. It will be comprised in twelve volumes, four of which will be ready in May, and the series will be completed by next spring; the price, a dollar and a quarter for each volume.

Few readers who glance at the beautiful page can ever know what long and acute study and careful thought have gone to a result apparently so simple; how every comma—upon which the meaning of a line may depend—has been conscientiously adjusted; how every fact stated has been the fruit of curious and erudite research.

We sincerely trust that this monument of American scholarship will receive at once the recognition which it is sure ultimately to attain.

MUSIC.

MR. NAPOLEON ULLMAN certainly understands his business. Quite undismayed by the moderate success of the pure Musard music, he has not betaken himself to denouncing the public taste, but has somewhat changed his programme. For the *Berlioz* nights he is to be heartily thanked. Probably no orchestra in the world could better interpret the music of this eccentric master, which every lover of music wishes to hear, and to hear which we have hitherto had no opportunity in this country. Surely, with Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Formes, and Musard, it will be Mr. Napoleon's fault if he does not so adjust his concerts as to fill his house and his pockets.

THE ORSINI PROCESSION.

IT was a striking and solemn spectacle—that of three or four thousand men marching silently to the funereal drum-tap through Broadway. They marched and spoke in honor of men who had just been publicly executed upon a scaffold.

Let us congratulate ourselves that we live in the only country in the world in which their march would have been allowed—that we live in a land so confident of the security of its peace in the love and good sense of the people that any kind of demonstration, not positively indecent, is tolerated either with a smile of indifference or a sneer of contempt. The morbid enthusiasts who composed the procession marched, unchallenged, into the park and into oblivion. They disturbed the public peace less than a fire-engine company rattling and roaring to a fire. They were certainly not wise men, and they were well let alone.

Their pageant was called the apotheosis of assassination. And Orsini himself, in a reputed last letter, stated that he had been seduced from his better principles to lend an ear and a hand to murder; and, whether he wrote the letter or not, he calmly gave his life without a word of entreaty or reproach.

Yet if words have any meaning at all—however much the wise patriot may deplore murder—no thoughtful man will class Orsini with Baker who killed Poole.

If the honor paid to the memory of Orsini be the apotheosis of assassination, what is the present French empire? We do not say, certainly, that Orsini was not an assassin—but what is Louis Napoleon?

THE HOLY LAND.

AMONG the pleasantest lounging places in Broadway is the room at the Apollo Gallery in which hang the five large pictures of Mr. Troye—pictures painted in Syria—of the Dead Sea, the place of pilgrim baptism of the Jordan, a Damascus bazar, a plowing scene outside Damascus with the snowy Hermon, and a view of the Sea of Galilee with Tiberias and Jaffet. These pictures are very large, and they are most faithful portraits of the places. Mr. Troye, who resided many months in Syria, has elaborated them with great detail and accuracy; and while to every Eastern traveler they recall the most interesting points of his journey, they are also a "vision splendid" to the man "who farther from the East must travel." They are, in truth, most interesting pictures. The view of the Dead Sea, which is of large size, is the most impressive representation we have ever seen, in colors, of the profound desolation of that solemn region.

These pictures are well worth attention, and the names of Mr. William C. Prime, author of "Boat Life in Egypt" and "Tent Life in the Holy Land," with Commander Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the Dead Sea, both of whom most highly extol these paintings, are sufficient evidence of their authenticity and value.

MURDER! MURDER!

DURING the year ending the first of last January we all know how orderly, and clean, and generally decent the city was! How rarely the peace was broken! How seldom any body lost any thing by stealing! What purity prevailed at the City Hall, and what brotherly love in the municipal offices! How few murders there were, and what a lovely foreshadowing of the Millennium the city presented! During that whole Christian year—merely, probably, by way of keeping up the civic connection with human frailty—only one man was executed for murder, and he that poor outcast negro D'Orsay, who had no friends, and to whom the gibbet was only emphatic charity.

During the reign of Wood, of glorious memory, we quite forgot there was such a thing as crime, and that forgetfulness is now showing its bad consequences. The friends of the late lamented Poole, whose apotheosis is fresh in the public mind, have been freely fighting and killing each other, and citizens disappear, or are found murdered, with an imbecile incompetency of pursuing the malefactors which shows how completely spoiled we are by the recent Millennium.

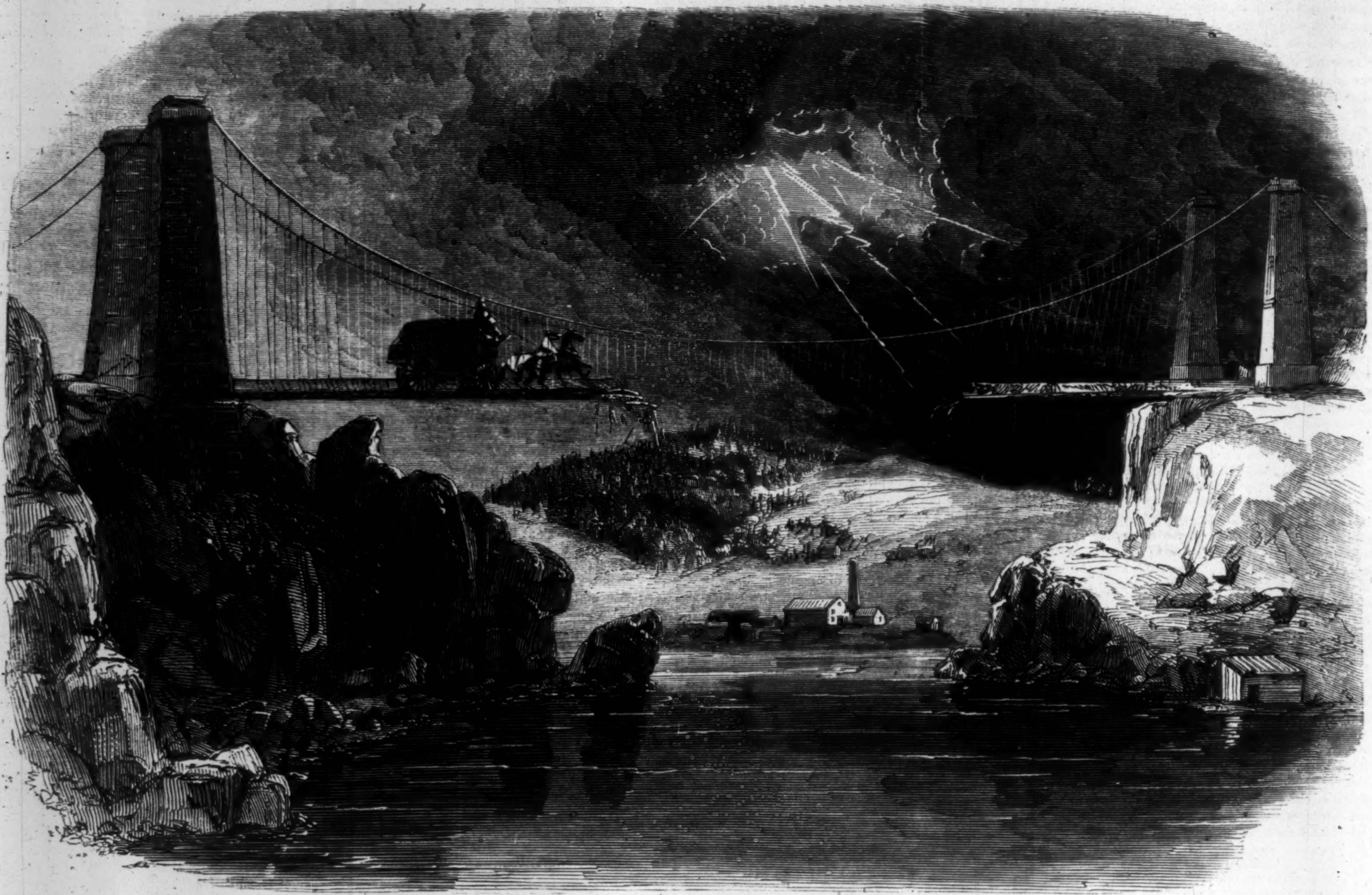
By-and-by, when we get bad enough, and are considered worthy, perhaps we shall have a detective police—persons who understand how to find out who it is that sew people up in sacks and throw them into rivers, and otherwise quietly make way with them. But we must not expect that until we are a great deal worse than we are now. While there are not more than two mysterious murders a week, we do not deserve any thing better than a long investigation, a verdict that somebody did it, and a request to the Governor to offer a reward.

JUSTICE.

IF a starving man is punished for stealing a sixpenny loaf, why should a bank President or Director escape, after swindling his stockholders of thousands? It is not a new question—and every body at once answers, "Certainly, why should he?" And meanwhile he does.

There is some kind of jugglery by which officers of moneyed institutions escape the consequences that men of less responsibilities always happen to suffer. There was the Bank of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, in which so many thousands of dollars of poor people's money was stored for safety, and one day it appeared that the people who had taken charge of it could not pay it upon demand. There was also a great deal of card-writing about "aspersions," and "injured honor," and "Christian character," and so forth—but still the men who had taken honest money to keep could not account for it. If it had been a gardener, or clerk, or errand-boy who could not account for money he had received, there would have been a summary process. But it really seemed that the collapse of the Bank of Pennsylvania was to be treated like the bursting of the boiler of a steamer or a railway massacre, and that the verdict would be, "Nobody to blame." Every body, of course, would have regretted it very much indeed, and nobody would have done any thing more.

But, somehow, there is to be a trial. The President of the bank and several of the Directors have been indicted, and an investigation will follow. Let us hope that a just verdict and an adequate judgment will follow the investigation.



ACCIDENT TO THE BRIDGE OVER THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK, ON 24TH MARCH LAST.

SCENE ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, N. B.

THE accompanying illustration, for which we are indebted to a New Brunswick artist, represents a thrilling incident which took place in that province a month ago.

On 24th March a violent storm raged throughout the province. As night fell the wind became so violent that the flooring of the bridge over the St. John's River was upset and thrown into the river. The girders soon followed the example; and shortly after dark a gap of some two hundred feet divided one extremity of the bridge from the other. Matters were in this state when the Fredericton coach drove, as usual, upon the bridge. The horses, which were traveling rapidly, came to a dead halt. The driver, in the storm and darkness, could see nothing; and, not unnaturally, plied the whip with some vigor. To his amazement the horses stood stock still. He whipped afresh, more severely than before; but the animals did not flinch.

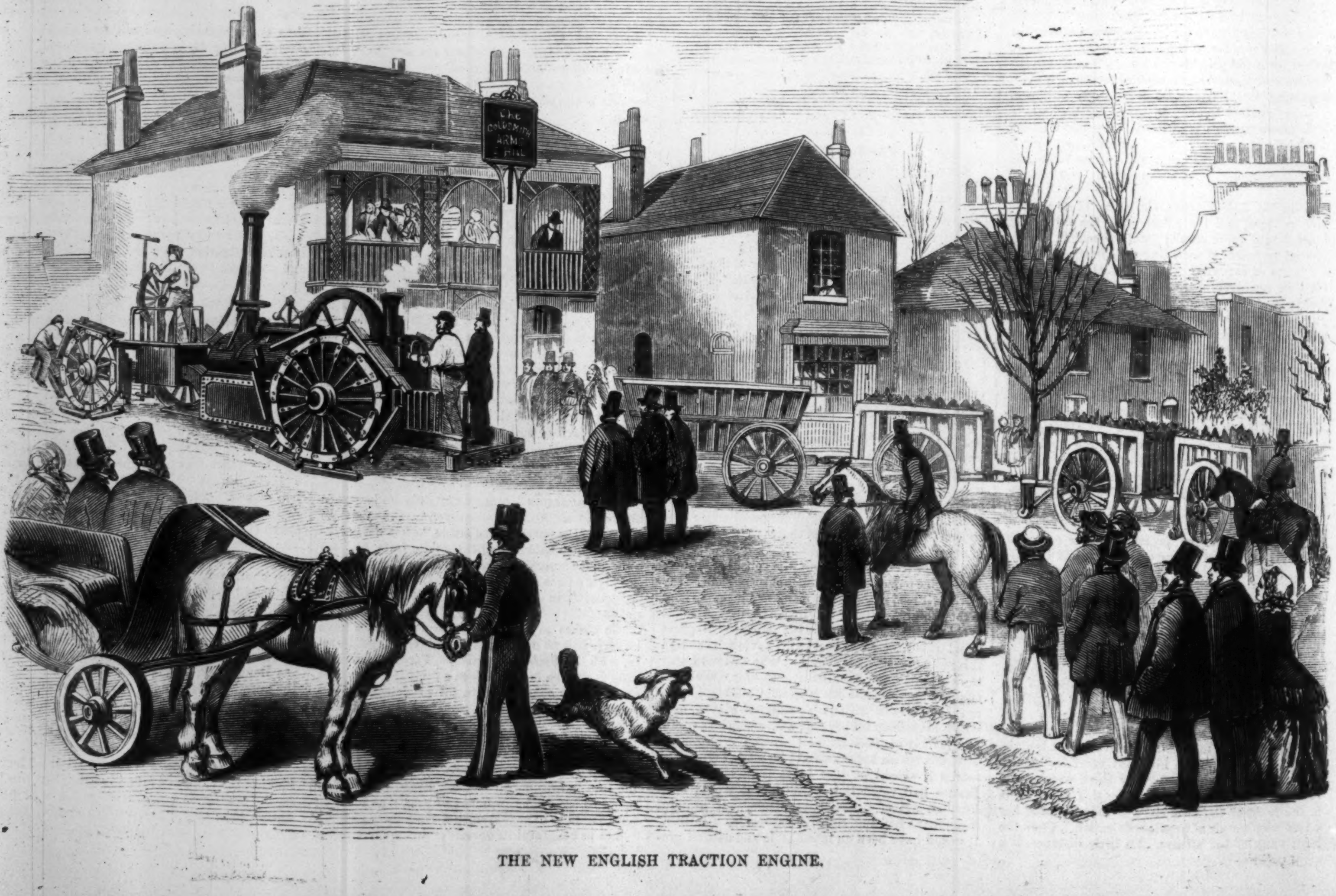
With some impatience the driver got off his seat, supposing that there must be a log in the way, or that the harness was in disorder; and intending to lead his team past the doubtful point. Meanwhile the travelers inside, who, in that storm, were not in the happiest frame of mind, were loud in their reproaches and abuse of the lazy animals.

On alighting the driver could find no log in front of his team. In fact, he could see not a yard in front of him. All was blank darkness. He advanced a few steps, and finding nothing that could justify the sudden stand of the animals, turned about, resolved to lead them forward, when a sudden flash of lightning illuminated the scene. The spectacle which then shone out made his blood run cold. He was standing within a few inches of the chasm in the bridge. One step more would have precipitated him into the abyss. Had the horses not stopped when they did the coach would have gone over, and the Norwalk catastrophe would have been renewed on a smaller scale.

One can readily realize the emotion with which driver and passengers returned thanks to the Almighty for their providential preservation from an awful death.

THE NEW ENGLISH TRACTION ENGINE.

WE have most of us seen the steam carriage which has traveled through the streets of New York. It seems to be universally considered an ingenious machine, but without practical utility.



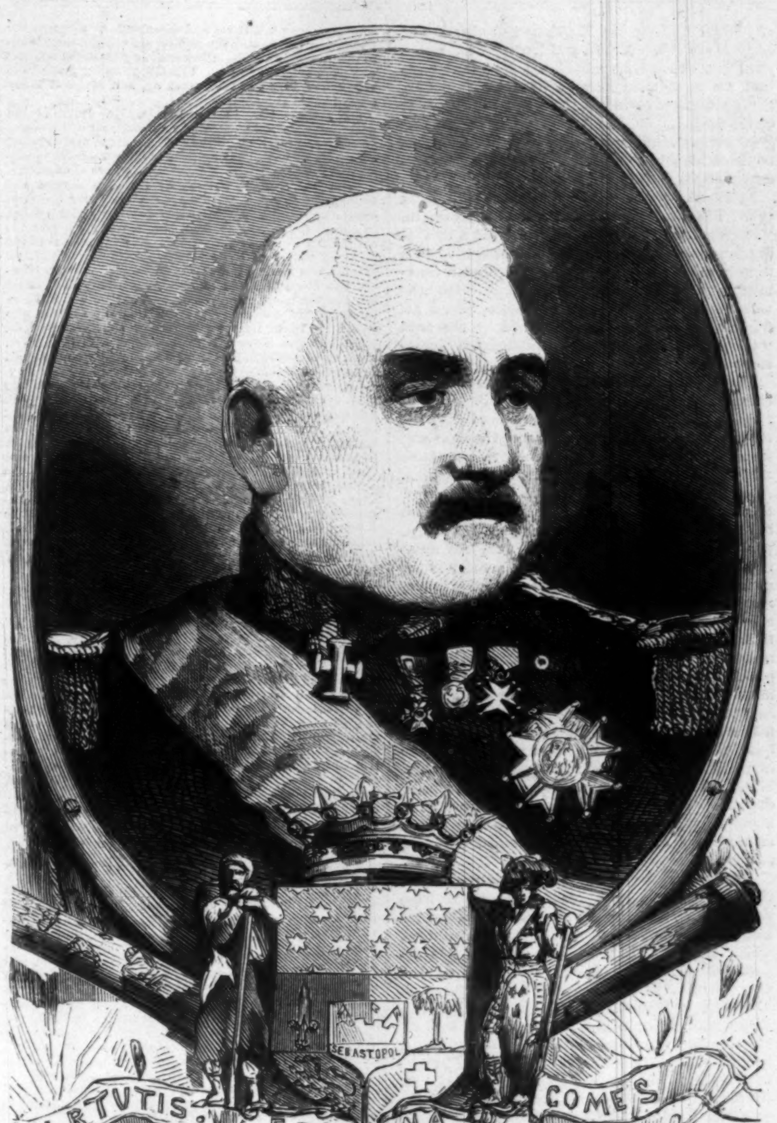
THE NEW ENGLISH TRACTION ENGINE.

They appear, in England, to have invented, on the same principle, a steam carriage which promises actual results of some value.

One Francis Hamilton, of Acton, England, has contrived a steam carriage for agricultural purposes. The engine contains two 7-inch cylinders with twelve inches stroke, and seventy pounds of steam pressure to the square inch. With a load not exceeding twenty tons in weight, divided among several carts, this engine will travel at the rate of three miles an hour over a tolerable road with a gradient not exceeding one in seventeen.

The wheels, as will be seen by the engraving, are provided with what are called "shoes," which are large or small, according to the hardness or softness of the ground to be traveled. These shoes supply the place of flange and rail. They are made upon mathematical principles, the rail being the length of the radius, and the guide-bars form the cycloidal line of the circle; so that upon each revolution of the wheel one rail is always advancing, while one remains stationary; the whole of the sleeper and rail combined representing a foot and leg from the knee-joint, having the toe, heel, and ankle-joint. By driving the wheel at its apex by machinery, independently of the effect of the steam pressing against it for the forward motion of the engine, the steam power employed is rendered *doubly effective*, as the leverage of the wheel is gained by the pinion being worked through one space, and carried by the forward motion of the engine through another.

The advantage of these engines is obvious. They will do the work of forty horses. On a common road in England the cost of using them to draw twenty tons weight would not be over a penny (say two cents) a mile; and if a tram-way were constructed the cost would be diminished one-half. But it is evident that the chief use to which traction engines could be put would be on flat lands over which there exist no roads. Thus we learn that the Russian Government has purchased several for use on the steppes of the south. Negotiations are on foot for their introduction into South America; they would be invaluable on the Pampas. On our Western prairies their use would be equally obvious. In Illinois, and on the Plains, such engines might supersede the necessity of railways. Some of our energetic inventors will, doubtless, see that they are introduced as soon as they are required.



MARSHAL PELISSIER, THE NEW FRENCH EMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

MARSHAL PELISSIER, THE FRENCH EMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

In another column the reader will find some mention of the famous General Pelissier, who, after winning the title of Duke of Malakoff by his exploits at Sebastopol, has just been appointed French Embassador to Great Britain. This is a fitting occasion to present the readers of this journal with the veteran's portrait.

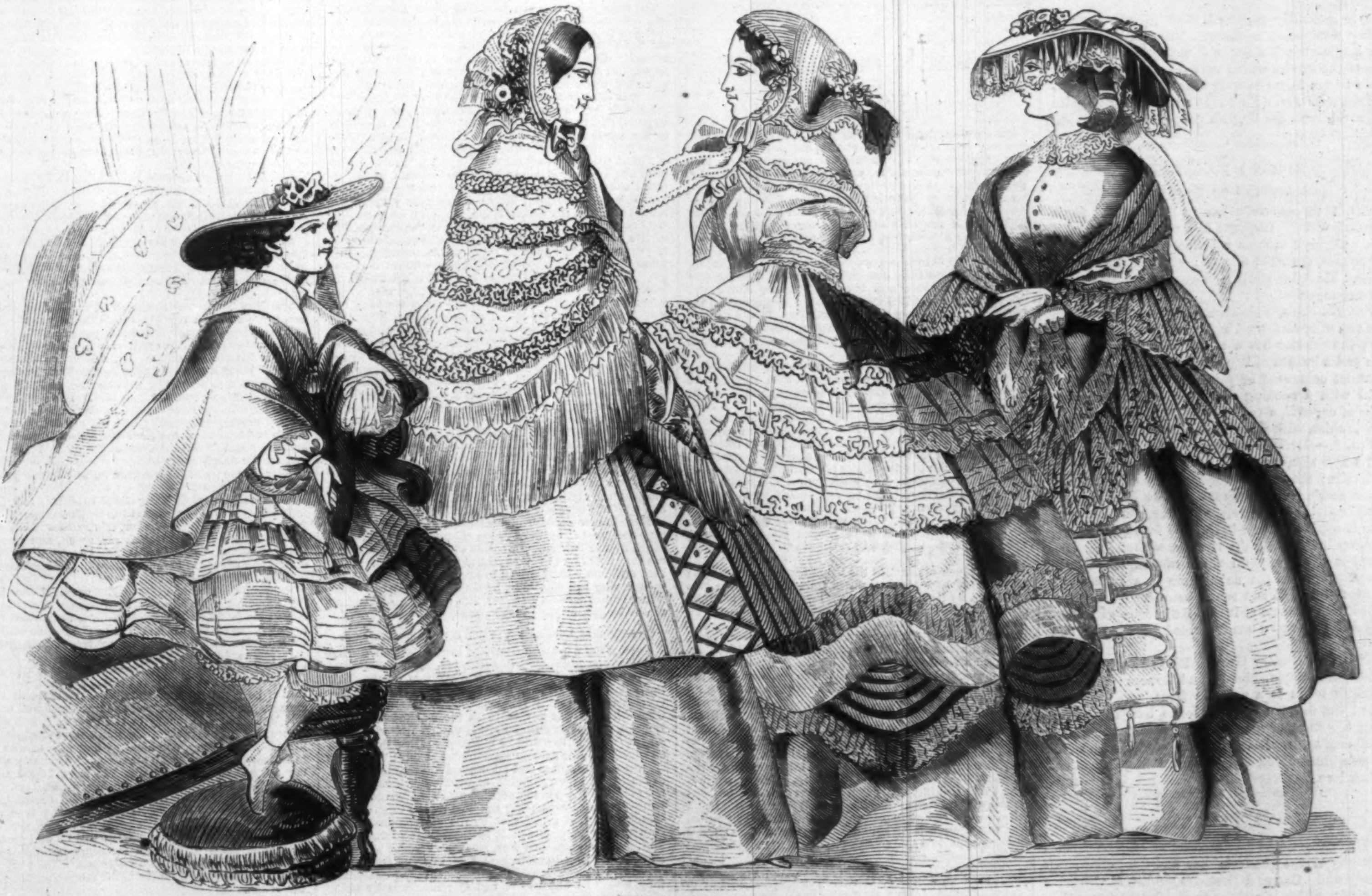
General Jean Jacques Pelissier was born in the midst of the first French Revolution, in the village of Maromme, near Rouen, in the year 1796, and is consequently sixty-four years of age. His father was superintendent of the Rouen powder magazines. His calling placed him in constant contact with the officers of the army. By the time young Jean Jacques was old enough to feel manly emotions France was thoroughly imbued with military aspirations; the genius and successes of the elder Napoleon had filled every heart with the hope of military distinction. The father of our General sent his son to the military school of the period, enjoining upon him to pay such attention to his studies as would insure his admission to the choice corps of the French army, the Etat Major or Staff. Young Pelissier fulfilled his father's expectations. He entered the Etat Major at the age of eighteen, and, according to rule, served a specified time, first in the infantry, then in the cavalry, and last in the artillery. When Louis XVIII. became sovereign of France Pelissier obtained his company, and shortly afterward won the title of Chef d'Etat Major, or Chief of the Staff. He served for nearly a quarter of a century in this capacity, attached to army divisions in various localities, and acquiring a wide-spread reputation for soldierly qualities. In 1842 he was promoted to a staff lieutenant-colonelcy—a rank unknown in our army, but one which is highly prized in France.

He was soon after attached to the expedition against Algiers, and formed part of the military family of Marshal, then General, Bugeaud. At that time the French were absolutely contending for a foothold in Algiers. The Arabs, under the brave Abd el Kader, disputed every inch of ground. Every mountain and every valley from Morocco to Tunis, and from the desert to the sea-coast, swarmed with brave defenders of the soil. In the long and tedious wars which ensued Lieutenant-Colonel Pelissier bore a prominent part. He soon elicited from his chief especial mention of his services, and received, in consequence, a commission as full Colonel of Etat Major.

His first independent command was on an expedition against the Hittas, an Arab tribe. It took place in 1843, and was crowned with complete success. He then rejoined his chief, and took an active part in the subsequent operations against the Kabyles and Arabs. When the Moors made an alliance with the Arabs, and the Emperor Muley Abder-Ahman led an army to the support of Abd el Kader, Pelissier accompanied Marshal Bugeaud into the Province of Oran. A battle was fought near the frontier; the French were perfectly successful; they lost but few men, whereas the Moors left eight hundred soldiers on the battle-field, and eighteen flags and eleven pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the invaders. At this battle Colonel Pelissier commanded the left wing, while, strange to say, Colonel, now General, Cavaignac led the centre. This settled the contest for the time.

When the war broke out afresh Colonel Pelissier was invested with the chief command of the army. The most troublesome and blood-thirsty of the tribes engaged was the Ouled-Riah—a small clan, but imbued with the most bitter hatred to the French, and restrained by no principles of honor or humanity. Colonel Pelissier engaged and defeated them. They fled for refuge to a cave—a natural strong-hold, and one in which they had often found refuge when pressed by the French armies. Colonel Pelissier encamped at the mouth of the cave, and sent an officer with a flag of truce to the Arabs to demand a surrender. The unfortunate emissary was seized and tortured most cruelly until he died of his sufferings. After waiting a certain time Colonel Pelissier sent a second emissary to the Arabs, demanding their immediate surrender and the restoration of his first envoy. He added that in case these demands were not instantly complied with he would burn the entire tribe alive in the cave. The only answer he received was the well-known cries and shrieks of the second messenger, who was tortured to death like the first.

Colonel Pelissier was not the man to endure outrages of this character. Without a moment's hesitation he had the mouth of the cave stuffed with dry wood. A brief delay was allowed for a proposition from the Arabs; none coming, the wood was fired, and the fire was kept up for some hours. It is said that the shrieks and cries of the women and children, who had followed the warriors of the tribe into the cave, were so heart-rending that many French soldiers rushed through the flames and rescued some of the unhappy creatures who were near-



SPRING FASHIONS.—(See next Page.)

est the mouth. But those who escaped in this manner formed a very small proportion of the whole. It is supposed that nine hundred souls altogether found refuge in the cave. Seven hundred were found dead when the extinction of the fire permitted the French to explore the cave in safety. Two hundred were taken out alive, but all perished before the sun went down. It was the 18th June—a terrible day in the history of Algiers.

This fearful tragedy made Colonel Pelissier's name famous throughout the civilized world. In France the indignation aroused by the massacre of the Ouled-Riah was intense. Colonel Pelissier was denounced by the press and by several members of the House of Peers. The Minister of War—old Marshal Soult—made a very timid apology for the affair. Among the public there was but one opinion—and that was in favor of the immediate degradation of the blood-thirsty Colonel. Louis Philippe did not share the public sentiment on the subject. On the contrary, he shortly afterward promoted Colonel Pelissier to the rank of General and Maréchal de Camp.

A very short time afterward General Pelissier brought the war to a close by the defeat and utter destruction of the forces of Bon Maza.

At the downfall of Louis Philippe General Pelissier lost no time in sending in his adhesion to the Government of the Republic. There is this to be said in favor of French military men: they seldom display any unreasonable obstinacy in adhering to a fallen cause, but transfer their allegiance from one government to another with truly admirable discretion. As a reward for his support, General Pelissier received from President Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the rank of General of Division. He also filled for a time the post of Governor-General of Algiers.

In July, 1852, he distributed eagles among his soldiers in Algiers, and addressed them as follows: "Soldiers, beneath these eagles I, the oldest among you all, began my career. Around these emblems glorious heroes have been gathered. Let us take them for our models. Watch over their memory, and rather suffer a thousand deaths than part with the banners I now intrust to your keeping."

General Pelissier prudently accepted the empire, and was rewarded by the Emperor with the command of the first military division of the Crimean army under St. Arnaud. When, at the death of St. Arnaud, Canrobert obtained the chief command, Pelissier acquiesced without a murmur; though his knowledge of Canrobert justified the opinion which he expressed to one or two intimate friends that he (Canrobert) was an excellent peace soldier, but not the man for the pending tussle. This idea soon made its way into the Emperor's mind, and Pelissier, as every one remembers, was substituted for Canrobert in the command of the French army in the Crimea. The remainder of his biography is familiar to every one. He had been appointed to the post he held in order to take Sebastopol, and he took it, though at a frightful sacrifice of life. He achieved the purpose sought by his imperial master; and whatever it cost France, he certainly paved the way for the re-establishment of peace.

Ever since the close of the Russian war General Pelissier, who won the titles of Marshal and Duke of Malakoff, has been reposing on his laurels in France. Circumstances having suggested the withdrawal of M. de Persigny from the Court of St. James, the Emperor has appointed Pelissier in his stead.

It is generally supposed that he will prove a highly acceptable minister. His attachment to the Anglo-French alliance is well known; he has passed the age at which military exploits fire the soul; he can desire nothing but peace, tranquillity, and the *statu quo*. No doubt he will become quite a favorite with the English people.

SPRING FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

FIG. 1 represents a young lady attired for a morning walk. Leghorn hat, trimmed with ribbon. Figured taffetás robe, the corsage low and cut square, the skirt adorned with flounces to the waist. Mantelet of white glace silk, entirely without ornament.

FIG. 2.—Promenade dress. Bonnet of blonde and rice straw, ornamented with roses and branches of ivy; the interior has a cap of blonde, with white rose and a branch of ivy hanging down. Taffetás mantelet composed of pale pink glace silk, decorated with a ruching of ribbon, and silk fringe. Robe of organdi, a round body, with bretelles. A double skirt, with side trimmings of narrow velvet.

FIG. 3.—Carriage dress. Bonnet of rice straw and white silk, trimmed with primroses, blonde, and tulle; the front is formed of a width of rice straw coming very forward on the head, in the Pamela style; the crown is sloping, and a row of lace is put along the edge of the front, as a face, and continued along the rice straw curtain. Dubarry mantilla of plain white muslin, cut in the shawl shape; at the neck there is a rather full hood, falling full and round behind. It is decorated with flounces of lace. Satin robe with double skirt, the upper one decorated with velvet and lace.

FIG. 4.—Country Dress. Rice straw hat, trimmed with ribbon, blonde, and flowers; the brim slightly tends to a point in front, and bends toward the face; a row of blonde hangs down all round. Robe of gray silk; a double skirt, with quilles of satin. Black taffetas mantle, with bands of pale blue velvet, and finished with guipures and black lace.

LITERARY.

HAVELOCK died four months ago. The first biography of the brave soldier and Christian is already out. Carter & Brothers publish Mr. Brock's memoir, which is written to supply the immediate demand for such a work, pending the preparation of a larger work by Mr. Marshman, the brother of Lady Havelock. Mr. M. and Lady H. have supplied Mr. Brock with abundance of material; so that the memoir appears to be quite thorough, though confined chiefly to the Christian character of his subject. We need not say that it possesses great interest. Few such men have lived. From boyhood his life seems to have been one of vigorous principle, energetic and noble.

In school days he was once caught with a black eye. The master questioned him as to its origin. "It came there," was his reply, nor did a thrashing bring any more out. He had interfered in a fight to help a friend who was not getting fair treatment, and, although he was not blameworthy, he would not, to show his own innocence, reveal his friend's fault. He was nicknamed by the boys "Old Phlos," from that cool, philosophical character which he preserved in after life.

The charm of his whole life is his Christian principle. Let the man who has the idea that earnest religion is incompatible with brave and hearty life read this and see his error. One of the strangest scenes in the history of Christianity that we have met with is related of him when he was in Burmah. After that memorable success which all readers of the life of Dr. Judson remember, when the British soldiers were in possession of Rangoon, Havelock, pursuing his invariable course of religious meetings with his soldiers, transformed a room in the great Shivey Dagoon pagoda into a Christian prayer room. "All around the chamber were smaller images of Boodh, in the usual position, sitting with their legs gathered up and crossed, and the hands resting on the lap, in symbol and expression of repose." An officer strolling around the pagoda heard the sound of a psalm tune. Astonished, he entered the temple, and, guided by the sound, reached a room where "what should meet his eye but Havelock, with his Bible and hymn-book before him, and more than a hundred men seated around him?" Their lights were lamps set in the laps of the idols! That scene is worth painting for a grand historical picture of English conquest, and as a monument of one of England's greatest Christian soldiers.

Doctor Gray has long occupied his position at the head of American botanists, and we have, from time to time, announced valuable works from his hands. We have now two excellent volumes, which leave nothing to be desired in this department of science. Ivison & Phinney publish GRAY'S STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY, and GRAY'S MANUAL OF THE BOTANY OF THE NORTHERN UNITED STATES (a revised and enlarged edition), both works profusely and accurately illustrated. They are, of course, useful both as text-books for schools and as reference books for the family. No farmer or agriculturist, on a large or a small scale, should be without such books. The Manual possesses a great attraction to us in its fullness on the subject of ferns and mosses. We are not singular in our admiration of these plants. Our country abounds in exquisite varieties, and the most beautiful collections that we have seen have been made in the Northern States of the Union. Many ladies find a pleasant and instructive employment in gathering them. It is worthy of remark, that a recent traveler in the Holy Land states that a friend requested him to procure for him specimens of mosses, but from Cairo to Banias he found but one specimen, and that in Jerusalem. The variety of mosses in America is very great, extending in number, if we mistake not, to some hundreds.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, April 19, in the Senate, information was received from the War Department respecting Utah contracts made without Congressional authorization. Memorials praying for aid for ocean steamers between New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and certain European ports, were presented by Senators Slidell and Bigler. Senator Mason submitted a bill for the relief of the claimants in the case of the privateer *General Armstrong*; also a resolution inquiring whether the courtesy of the British Government at Jamaica to the men of the *Susquehanna* did not require acknowledgment. The Deficiency Bill was then considered, on motion of Senator Hunter, but no vote was taken.——In the House, the Washington Police Bill was debated. Memorials in favor of steamship lines between Philadelphia and Europe were presented, and Mr. Florence gave notice of a general bill to regulate the steam service between various ports in the United States and Europe.

On Tuesday, 20th, in the Senate, Senator Houston spoke in favor of establishing a protectorate over Mexico, and offered a resolution appointing a committee of seven to inquire into the expediency of the measure. The Deficiency Bill having been taken up, Mr. Hale's amendment was put and lost by 21 to 30. On motion of Senator Clark, the vote on the Pacific Railroad Bill was reconsidered.——In the House, Mr. Morrill spoke in favor of his bill granting land to the States for the establishment of agricultural colleges. The Washington Police Bill, from the Senate, was then taken up and tabled by 110 to 79. The Military Academy Appropriation Bill having been taken up in Committee of the Whole, a sharp interchange of words took place between Messrs. Shaw, Giddings, Campbell, and Clingman, in reference to the Lecompton question.

On Wednesday, 21st, in the Senate, a petition in favor of a line of European steamers from Philadelphia was presented by Senator Cameron. Resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature against Lecompton were presented by Senator Durkee. Senator Wilson introduced a resolution authorizing the President to suspend the sales of land in Kansas for twelve months. Senator Mason introduced a resolution authorizing the President to take such measures against Paraguay for the reparation of the outrage upon the *Water Witch* as circumstances may require. This was sustained by Senators Douglas and Allen, but opposed by Senators Collamer and Mallory. The Deficiency Bill was taken up, and an amendment of Senator Fessenden, confining the appropriations to the fiscal year, was discussed.——In the House, Mr. George Taylor reported from the Select Committee a bill for the establishment of a bureau of printing, binding, engraving, lithographing, and electrotyping; referred to Committee of the Whole. Mr. Boyce called up the Nebraska election report, and moved that further delay be granted for the adduction of evidence; granted. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the West Point Appropriation Bill, it was passed.

On Thursday, 22d, in the Senate, Senator Seward presented the reply of the American Telegraph Company to the memorials of Amos Kendall. Senator Seward introduced a bill for a telegraph to San Francisco; referred to the Army Committee. Senator Mason's resolution on Paraguay was taken up and discussed, as also was the Deficiency Bill.——In the House, the bill granting lands to the States for the establishment of agricultural colleges was passed by 104 to 101. The bill granting pensions to veterans of 1812 was then taken up, and notice of many amendments given.

On Friday, 23d, in the Senate, Mr. Morrill's bill granting lands to the States for agricultural colleges was received and referred. Senator Green asked and obtained—in spite of objections by Senator Stuart—leave to present the report of the Kansas Conference Committee. Remarks were made thereon by Senators Seward and Green, and it was made the special order for Monday.——In the House, Mr. J. Glancy Jones asked but failed to obtain permission to print the Indian Appropriation and Indian Deficiency bills. Mr. English then read the majority report of the Kansas Conference Committee. Mr. English made a few remarks thereon, and Mr. Howard was about to speak in reply, when several motions for postponement were pressed. That of Mr. Hill, of Georgia, for postponing the question till 2d May prevailed by 108 to 105. Some further conversation took place between Messrs. Harris, Stephens, Hill, Trippe, Burnett, Gartrell, and others; and the House adjourned in some confusion.

On Saturday, 24th, in the Senate, some private matters were disposed of, after which Senator Gwin brought in his bill for securing the lives of passengers on board steamers; referred. The Deficiency Bill was then taken up, and Senator Fessenden's amendment lost by 22 to 30. Speeches were made by Senators Wade, Wilson, and Hale, and the bill then passed by 28 to 19.——In the House, after remarks by Messrs. Stephens, Campbell, Clay, Hill, and Montgomery, Mr. Harris's motion to reconsider the vote postponing further consideration of the Kansas question till 2d May was carried by 105 to 101. Some further motions of secondary importance were put and lost, and the House adjourned without disposing of the subject.

REPORT OF THE KANSAS CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

The report of the majority of the Kansas Conference Committee, of which mention is made above, refers to the people of Kansas, for their acceptance or rejection, not the Lecompton Constitution, but the ordinance granting to Kansas certain public lands, which are granted to every new State on entering the Union. If they accept the ordinance by a majority vote, Kansas is to be admitted with the Lecompton Constitution. If they reject it, Kansas remains a Territory until she shall have ninety-three thousand inhabitants. The election is to be conducted by a Board of Commissioners, embracing the Territorial Governor, the Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the two Speakers of the Legislature. From this report two members of the Committee, Senator Seward and Mr. Howard, of the House, dissent.

INSTRUCTIONS OF OUR MINISTER TO CHINA.

The instructions to Mr. Reed, as Minister to China, have been published.

The Secretary of State informs him that the objects which it is understood the French and English Allies seek to accomplish by treaty stipulations are: To procure from the Chinese Government a recognition of the rights of other powers to have accredited ministers at the Court of Pekin, to be received by the Emperor, and be in communication with the authorities charged with the foreign affairs of the empire; an extensive commercial intercourse with China, which is now restricted to the free ports enumerated in the treaty; a reduction of the tariff duties levied on domestic produce in the transit from the interior to the coast, as the amount now imposed is said to be in violation of the treaty; a stipulation for religious freedom to all foreign residents of China; arrangements for the suppression of piracy; a provision for extending the benefits of the proposed treaty to all other civilized powers of the earth.

These objects, the Secretary says, "are recognized by the President as just, expedient, and so far as you can do so by peaceful co-operation, he expects you will aid in their accomplishment. In conformity with this policy, you will communicate frankly with the British and French ministers upon all points of common interest, so that it may be distinctly understood the three nations are equally influenced by a determination to obtain justice, and by a desire to procure treaty arrangements for the extension and more adequate protection of their commercial intercourse with China. But on your side these efforts must be confined to firm representations appealing to the justice and policy of the Chinese authorities, leaving your own Government to determine upon the course to be adopted should your representations be fruitless."

SECRETARY CASS ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The papers and correspondence between Lord Napier and the Secretary of State, called for by the Senate, relating to the slave-trade, are now before the Senate, and ordered to be printed. The whole matter is very voluminous. The reply of General Cass occupies fifty-one pages. In opening it he says, rather tartly, to Lord Napier that, while he concurred in the opinion of his lordship that the efforts of the British Government have been increasing for the extinction of this traffic, still he must be permitted to say its hope of the "hearty co-operation of the naval forces of the United States" might safely have been entertained without appealing to the example of Great Britain. General Cass says the United States have not been less anxious than Great Britain for the extermination of this commerce, as they have given proof; that the system of joint blockade has been pursued for some years, and the benefit it has produced bears no reasonable proportion, he regrets to say, to the expenditure of life and treasure it has cost; that this failure need not discourage the anxious hopes of Christendom; that there is another method of proceeding without the dangers and difficulties and inefficiency which beset a blockade, and which is sure to succeed if adopted and persevered in, and that is—to close the slave marts of the world, or rather of the island of Cuba, which is now almost the only region where the slave dealer can find a market. Speaking of the United States, he says the introduction of a slave into this country is a fact which he believes the present generation has not witnessed, and attributes it to a sound state of public opinion. He argues that the conventional arrangements which exist between Great Britain and France and Spain, for their mutual co-operation in the suppression of the slave-trade, do not seem to have produced the desired result, and that upon the course of the Spanish government far more depends than upon the most rigorous blockade of the African coast. He recommends the extension of free-colored establishments along the coast of Africa as efficient in suppressing the slave-trade. He discusses with much force, and with the slightest spice of ridicule, the new scheme of forced labor called "apprenticeship," or of "involuntary emigrants" by the French government, and recognized by the British. In conclusion, he then says: "I am instructed by the President to inform your Lordship, that while he is determined to execute the treaty of 1842 with fidelity and efficiency, he is not prepared, under existing circumstances, to enter into any new stipulations on the subject of the African slave-trade."

COUNT WALEWSKI'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

Among the papers transmitted to the Senate from the President, on the subject of African Slavery, and African and Coolie laborers, is one from Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, dated February 19, in which he relates a conversation with Count Walewski. Mr. Mason inquired whether there was any truth in the statements in the English newspapers that French vessels freighted with African emigrants would be regarded by British cruisers as engaged in the African slave-trade? Count Walewski replied no, that there had been some communication between the two Governments, and that the British would not object to the French scheme while the wants of the British colonies were being supplied by the Coolie trade. Count Walewski urged that by the plan adopted to secure African labor, which is indispensable to their colonies, the emigrants were free, and were rescued generally from impending immolation; that, relieved from ignorance and heathenism of the most degraded character, they would be humanized and Christianized by being placed in contact with the French colonists. It does not appear whether a consideration is to be paid to the chiefs of tribes for their captures, or the people; but Mr. Mason infers there is. Nor is the duration of their service explained, and it remains to be seen whether any of the emigrants will serve their term or return to their country. Judging from the tone of the public press, and reasoning *a priori*, Mr. Mason feels confident that in future we will see fanatical denunciation of American Slavery greatly moderated, if not silenced, in France—perhaps in England. He adds, that it is quite evident that the conviction is gaining strength, both in England and France, that the compulsory emancipation of the slaves in their tropical colonies by authority of their Governments was a grave political error—an error unjust to the colonists, whose rights of property were destroyed, and to the colonies by the annihilation of the labor which made them productive, without securing any compensating benefit.

HIGH LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* is responsible for the following: "A capital story is told at the expense of a lady-resident, who has prided herself on the exclusiveness of the society which has graced her saloons. A *double-distilled-double-F. V.*, no one could obtain invitations to her parties whose *ecusson* did not bear the quarterings of some old family, and thus these entertainments were accused of resembling the tournaments of ancient times, where the guests were led—not from any prospect of amusement—but merely to prove their right to *ennuyer* themselves *en bonne compagnie*. Foreigners, however, were always welcomed, and this winter one of her '*pets*' has been a romantic looking young Frenchman, who avoided the Legation as representing a usurper, and therefore not worthy the attention of one like himself, of the '*vieille roche*.' The young man, enveloping himself somewhat in mystery, assumed the dignity of LOUIS QUATORZE, in his earlier days, and his decisions on all fashionable matters were law. Where he lived no one exactly knew, as his letters were left in WILLARD'S card-basket, but yesterday, his aristocratic protector persuaded GAUTIER to let her look at the furnaces of his restaurant-kitchen, and there—must it be said—she found M. le Compte, in white apron and paper cap, constructing a *mayonnaise*. 'This young man is my best cook,' said GAUTIER, but Madame —— did not wait to receive his salutations."

PERSONAL.

The correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer* writes: "The spring flowers remind the President of the necessity of selecting in time comfortable summer quarters. He has directed a friend to negotiate with General Hiram Walbridge for the use of his beautiful villa of Ingleside during the hot season. Ingleside is about one mile out of the city, and immediately northward from the White House. It is to be the rural abode of the Chief Magistrate of the country. The point of difference between the landlord and the President is a singular one—General Walbridge objects to the receipt of rent, while Mr. Buchanan positively and properly objects to taking the property unless at a fair yearly rent. The correct views of the President will doubtless prevail."

The Hon. Tom F. Marshall publishes the following card in the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

"In a notice which the *Commercial* the other day was kind enough to take of my discourse at Smith and Nixon's on temperance, it was stated that I had embraced Christianity, from which it has been inferred that I had joined some religious sect. I am receiving letters containing abundance of pious exhortations, prayers, etc., which annoy me exceedingly. I have joined no church, and have not the most remote idea of doing so. I am no infidel, certainly; but have a very fair copy of the Scriptures, which I read, and to which alone I refer for religious truths. I have never knowingly deceived any one, and am constrained to take this method of undeceiving the public."

Mr. Everett has been a second time compelled to postpone his Southern tour. The Charleston *Mercury* of the 19th publishes this card:

"A CARD.—The subscriber, having this day received letters from his family which again make it necessary for him to return home, begs leave, in this way, to express to the public bodies and committees which have honored him with invitations to repeat his address 'on the Character of Washington,' his deep regret that he is obliged a second time to postpone the fulfillment of his engagements. EDWARD EVERETT.

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *April* 18, 1858."

The St. Louis *Democrat* thus describes the appearance of the coffins which contained the remains of the aged Benton and his young grandchild:

"By its side was the little coffin containing the body of the statesman's grandchild, M'Dowell Jones. Each body was inclosed in an air-tight zinc case, which was laid within a mahogany coffin. A lid was raised so as to allow friends to look through a glass on the faces of the dead. The face of the Great Missourian wore that expression of majestic placidity which was habitual to him in life. The lips were slightly open, the eyes closed, and every lineament in the face in a state of repose that indicated how gentle and peaceful had been the end of the veteran's stormy life. There was no discoloration or wrinkle to be seen, and the presence of death was visible only in the closed eyelids and the cold, white, marble-like appearance of the features. The grandchild lay as sweetly as though only sleeping, with its little head, covered with golden hair, nestling amidst white hyacinths and early spring flowers, whose purity was typical of its own young spirit."

General Twiggs, Captain M'Kitt, Captain Witters, and Dr. M'Cormick, of the Army, arrived at Galveston on the 8th ult., *en route* to attend the court-martial at Newport, where the General is required to answer charges preferred by the Secretary of War.

N. P. Willis is lying seriously ill at Idlewild. A bilious fever, and a return of his old trouble of the lungs, have combined in a prostration against which his usual active resistance to disease has succumbed for the present.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "We have a new prodigy in this city in the person of a boy preacher. He is about fifteen years of age. His name is Cranmond Kennedy. He is a Baptist, and belongs to the church of Rev. Mr. Adams, on Christopher Street. He is a convert in the late revival, has already been licensed to preach by that church, and is just now attracting large crowds to hear him. His style is vehement; his sermons have in them much method; he speaks wholly extemporaneously; and his system of theology seems to be mature, and after the school of the sounder and more conservative schools of the day. He preaches and speaks nearly every night. His houses are crowded to overflowing; and for a season he will be the great attraction of our city."

Mr. M. H. Grinnell, being about to make a tour in Europe with his family, has sold his famous schooner-yacht *Haze*, to Mr. W. H. M'Vicker, of the New York Yacht Club. In proof of the stanchness, speed, and good sea-going qualities of the *Haze*, it may be mentioned that an association of pilots offered for her the price at which she was sold, namely, $8000.

Rev. John Lyon, a teacher at Kirkwood, Missouri, having become deeply engaged in religious exercises, continued his fasting and prayer until his health and reason gave way, and he has been taken to the insane asylum at Fulton. He had been greatly exercised with the idea that God would do nothing to save men without a certain amount and intensity of prayer on the part of Christians, and his mania now takes the form of a painful conviction that if he stops praying the divine government will at once suspend operations, and the universe go to ruin.

A Methodist missionary in the Puget's Sound district writes that his charge embraces an extent of country two hundred miles long, one hundred and fifty of which has to be traveled in an ocean steamer. No country west of us; no preachers beyond us. We have 14,000 Indians and about 7000 whites, and 100 church members.

The Boston *Journal* says that Rev. Dr. Prentiss, of the Mercer Street Church in New York, has placed in the hands of the officers of his church his resignation. It is not probable that the resignation will be accepted. He will have leave of absence for some months, and the parish will probably settle a colleague. The frail condition of Dr. Prentiss's health is the reason for the step he has taken.

The Common Council of Cleveland has appropriated $6000 for the preparation of a monument in honor of Commodore Perry.

The celebrated bigamist, Dr. Haynes, who has just served a four years' imprisonment in the Kentucky penitentiary, was again arrested in Louisville on the 14th ultimo.

The Hon. John C. Mather is still detained in Albany by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

The Boston *Bee* mentions that four of the most enterprising merchants of that city have gone to Europe "to purchase goods for the next season."

Mr. David A. Neal, late vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, has commenced a suit against the company in the United States Circuit Court, for $250,000, for services rendered to the company while in its employ.

Dr. Wistar, of Philadelphia, pronounces Mr. Sumner's case still "serious," and prohibits any attention for the present to business.

A portrait of Joshua Bates, the London banker, has just been added to the gallery of eminent merchants in the possession of the Boston Mercantile Library Association.

WILLIAM WALKER'S WHEREABOUTS.

A New Orleans correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* writes as follows: "If there be any filibusters in St. Louis, it may interest them to learn that the redoubtable ex-President of Nicaragua, General William Walker, is now in this city, and has been for a month past. He is coolly and contentedly waiting his trial before the United States District Court, on charges of violating the neutrality laws, which is expected to take place some time in May. He keeps himself secluded in his room, and writes, I understand, as industriously and continuously as if committing to paper the minute particulars of the last few busy and eventful years of his life. An ardent friend and follower of the renowned filibuster informs me that another raid upon Nicaragua is not only contemplated, but in actual preparation, and that the confidence in its success is just as great as it ever was; that General Henningsen has been busy securing friends to the cause, arranging for recruiting and making other preparations, and that no formidable obstacle is expected to interfere—least of all, a third interference on the part of our Government. Henningsen made a mysterious Southern tour recently, which extended into Texas; but the supposition that he was merely sounding the prospects of taking part in the movement for a Sierra Madre Republic, is as reasonable as any other. Many are itching to have a hand in that movement."

DYING HOURS OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.

We alluded last week to the sad accident which had befallen the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng. The Philadelphia *Press* says: "From the time of the fatal accident to one hour previous to his death Mr. Tyng had an unfaltering confidence in his recovery, and even conversed freely and hopefully upon what, as he believed, Providence had designed to teach him in the dispensation to which he was being subjected. He believed it was intended to promote his greater efficiency as a minister of the Gospel, and he looked forward with bright hopes when he should again be able to preach, and to preach as he had never done before. About one hour before his dissolution, his family, fearing that his hopes of recovery were groundless, approached him with the solemn intimation that in all probability he was soon to leave them. His physician entering the chamber at the instant, Mr. Tyng spoke to him of these fears. The doctor's reply was that they were only too true—that his time was fast drawing to a close. The dying man, with the same heroic spirit, which never forsook him through all his sufferings, received the solemn announcement with the utmost resignation, answering only, 'Then it is well—it is very well; God's will be done.'

"After a few moments of composure he called his friends present and the members of his family to his bedside, to bid them a last farewell. He thanked his physician, who is not a professing Christian, for his kind attention, warning him with great tenderness to lose no time in giving himself to that Saviour who was now sustaining him in the hour of trial. To each of his children he gave an affectionate farewell, hoping that, by the grace of God and the care of a devoted mother, they might be early brought 'to know their Saviour.' To his wife, who has ministered to him with so much affection and fidelity all through his illness, he included in his parting words the request that she would use her endeavors to bring their boys up to the ministry. He was now to say farewell to his venerable father, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. Taking his aged parent by the hand, he said, with much earnestness, 'Stand up for Jesus, father; stand up for Jesus! and tell my brethren in the ministry, wherever you meet them, to stand up for Jesus.'

"At the close of this solemn ceremony, feeling that he was approaching his end, he requested those around him to sing a hymn. After a moment of silence, his own wife, notwithstanding the solemn circumstances under which this request was made, commenced singing the beautiful hymn—made doubly so by its appropriateness to the occasion—beginning,

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'

"The hymn was sung, and even while the echoes of that mournful strain yet floated in the air the spirit of Dudley A. Tyng took its flight to other, and, as we have reason to believe, more blissful realms."

BAPTISM IN HOOPS.

At Chicago, last week, a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The *Union* says: "The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to take off her hooped skirt; the minister told her of the inconvenience that must result from her obstinacy, but she persisted. When she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation, she was swallowed up in the swelling skirt; the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of the crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady, the minister succeeded in baptizing the fair one. Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously-inclined audience, who could not keep from laughing in their pocket-kerchiefs."

MISS CUSHMAN IN REAL TRAGEDY.

The Nashville (Tennessee) *Union* says: "A little incident occurred during the performance of Macbeth on Wednesday night which, but for the wonderful presence of mind of Miss Cushman, would have seriously marred the interest of the occasion. In the sleeping scene in the fifth act, as Lady Macbeth approaches from her chamber, lamp in hand, the light lace vail with which Miss Cushman's head and shoulders were covered caught fire, and blazed like tinder. Miss Cushman, without relaxing a muscle of her fixed features, or showing by any visible sign the least discomposure, caught the blazing robe in her grasp and immediately extinguished it, without turning her eyes either right or left, or betraying the least sign of emotion of any kind. So promptly and fearlessly was it done, and so much was it in keeping with the character she was playing, that notwithstanding the distinctly audible shrieks of some of the ladies, many present actually believed it to be a part of the performance. It certainly was, if not in the bills, one of the greatest pieces of acting we ever witnessed."

A SENATOR ELECTED BY A LOVE LETTER.

We read in a Providence *Journal*: "In a certain town in this State a letter arrived for a young lady from her lover, on the day of the election. The postmaster, as is not infrequent in the rural districts, knowing the eagerness with which a message of that tender character would be expected, took upon himself the pleasing duty of delivering it; but first, like a good Democrat, he must vote, and, of course, in a separate self-sealing envelope. This was duly prepared, with the Democratic tickets safely inclosed, and the gluten stuck together. Stopping at the town meeting, he deposited the letter in the ballot-box, and proceeded with the separate and self-sealed to the house of the blooming maiden, to whom he gallantly handed the entire Democratic ticket, State and town. How the lady interpreted the missive we do not know; but the moderator and clerk ungallantly refused to count the love letter, and the Republican candidate was declared elected by one majority."

A LITTLE MORE GRAPE FOR UTAH.

The Baltimore *American* of the 19th ultimo says: "We learn from Colonel Taylor that the celebrated light artillery corps, known as 'Captain Bragg's Battery,' which rendered such invaluable service in the late war with Mexico, has been ordered by the Secretary of War to proceed to Utah, and left here in the western train of last evening *en route* for Fort Leavenworth. The company consists of seventy-four men, including non-commissioned officers and the following officers in command: Major John F. Reynolds, Third artillery, Lieutenant C. M'Keene, Lieutenant John Edwards, and Lieutenant A. Wildrick. The company carries with it their light battery, consisting of four six-pounders and four caissons, but will not be mounted until they reach Fort Leavenworth, which will be about the 20th of May. Leaving that post, they expect to travel at the rate of fifteen miles per day, and reach Utah some time during the month of July."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ACCIDENT TO THE LEVIATHAN.

A few days ago considerable anxiety was manifested on the river for the safety of the *Leviathan* steamship, moored off Deptford, in consequence of the breaking of two of her bow mooring chains. Some steamers which laid between the *Leviathan* and the shore assisted in checking the canting of the bow of the ship inward. With all expedition a large hawser was laid out to the *Dreadnought*, and three powerful steamtugs were brought to bear on the port bow, in hauling the ship into her former position. Fortunately the squall was of short duration, but the weather continued boisterous, and the tugs were engaged until late in the evening in keeping the bow out. She sustained not the slightest injury, and as far as could be learned none of the vessels that were lying inside her were damaged. It should be stated that the moorings at the stern remained firm.

PROSPECT OF TROUBLE WITH NAPLES.

The London *Herald* has reason to believe that the present law officers of the Crown have come to a decision in the Cagliari matter directly at variance with that of their predecessors, who, as will be remembered, were of opinion that England had no right to interfere in that matter.

BULWER'S FACE AND BEARD.

Sir Bulwer's dislike to "parliamentary whiskers" has become so very strong as to have made him run into the opposite extreme, if one may judge from the following description of his own hirsute appearance, as given by the writer of sketches of "The Inner Life of the House of Commons," in the *Illustrated Times*: "Sir Bulwer's face is a marvel, but it is a marvel of his own making; and all that is strange about it might be removed in half an hour by a village barber. It is simply a case of bad cultivation. A comb, a pair of scissors, and a razor would, in skillful hands, metamorphose him into a personable man, which at present he certainly is not. He has a capital forehead, a prominent but not a bad nose, and we suspect that he has good features generally; but we can not vouch for this, for they are, for the most part, entirely concealed by an extraordinary growth of hair. Indeed, Sir Bulwer seems to be a Nazarite; for certainly no scissors or razor, nor, as we imagine, even a comb, is ever allowed to come near his head. His hair proper is all disheveled and unkempt, and his beard and mustache grow according to their own will. Some men wear beard, whiskers, and mustaches; others shave the whiskers and beard, and leave the mustache; while others preserve the mustache and part of the beard, but eschew whiskers; but in all these varieties, and a great many more, there are marks of design. But Sir Bulwer despises all art, and lets Nature take her own way, and the result is, probably, the most astonishing human face in the world."

LORD ROSSE NOT WEATHER-WISE.

The Dublin *Evening Post* says: "For some months past idle rumors have prevailed to the effect that the Earl Rosse has declared it as his belief that the approaching summer would be one of the hottest seasons ever witnessed in Ireland. It is a lamentable evidence of credulity, even among educated people, that this ridiculous tale was believed by many. But it is now completely disposed of in the following communication, which we have received this morning from Lord Rosse:

"'The Castle, Parsonstown, *March* 25.

"'Lord Rosse presents his compliments to the editor of the *Evening Post*, and, having observed a quotation from the *Limerick Reporter*, in which his name is associated with some conjectures as to the approaching season, he begs to say that he has never expressed any opinion on the subject.'"

FRANCE.

ORSINI'S LAST LETTER.

The following letter has been published in the Italian papers. It is not generally believed that it is authentic:

"To His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

"Sire,—The fact of your Imperial Majesty having permitted the publication of my letter of the 11th of February, while it is a clear proof of your generosity, shows me that the wishes expressed in favor of my country find an echo in your heart, and to me, about to die, it is certainly no small comfort to see how your Imperial Majesty is moved by true Italian sentiments.

"In a few hours I shall be no more; but, before drawing my last breath, I wish it to be known, and I declare it with that frankness and courage which, up to this day, I have never belied, that assassination, in whatever form it may disguise itself, does not enter into my principles, notwithstanding that, by a fatal mental error, I allowed myself to be led into organising the attempt of the 14th of January. No, political assassination was not a part of my system, and I have combated it, exposing my very life, as well by writings as by public facts, at the time when a mission of Government put me in a position to do so.

"And let my countrymen, instead of putting faith in the system of assassination, utterly reject it, and know by the voice of a dying patriot that their redemption must be won by abnegation, by a constant unity of efforts and sacrifices, and by the exercise of true virtue; gifts which already germ in the young and active part of my co-nationals—the only gifts that will ever make Italy free, independent, and worthy of the glory with which our forefathers illustrated her.

"I die; but, while doing so with calmness and dignity, I desire that my memory should not remain stained by any misdeed.

"As to the victims of the 14th January, I offer my blood as a sacrifice, and I pray the Italians that, when the day of their independence comes, they will give a worthy compensation to all those who then suffered injury.

"Finally, let your Imperial Majesty permit me to ask, not my own life, but that of the two accomplices who were condemned to death with me.

"With the most profound respect, etc.,

"Felice Orsini.

"Prison de la Roquette, March 11, 1858."

OPENING OF THE NEW BOULEVARD OF SEBASTOPOL.

The opening of the new Boulevard of Sebastopol took place on 5th April. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the scene: "The Emperor left the Tuileries at two o'clock precisely. He was mounted on a splendid charger with rich housings. He was preceded by half a dozen Cent Gardes, and followed by a numerous body of general officers, among whom were the Duke de Malakoff, Marshal Vaillant, Marshal Magnan, Admiral Hamelin, his Military Secretary, General Espinasse, and a considerable number of aides-de-camp, orderly officers, etc. I may observe that on his passage from the Tuileries up to the Strasbourg station the Emperor rode along, at a distance of about fifty paces in advance of the staff of general officers who attended him, and more than that to the rear of the few Cent Gardes who preceded him. The Empress, in an open carriage, and accompanied by the Princess Mathilde, with her equeries riding on each side, and preceded by a squadron of the Cent Gardes and her ladies-in-waiting, followed. The *cortége* proceeded along the quays till it reached the Place du Chatelet, where the Prefects of the Seine and Police, with their respective secretaries, awaited his Majesty. A flag-staff, erected at the entrance of the Pont au Change, suddenly displayed a tricolored flag at its summit, as a signal to those at the other extremity of the new Boulevard that the Emperor was coming along the Quay de la Megisserie.

"Two lofty minarets had been erected at the end of the new line where it joins the Boulevard St. Denis. They were rich in gilding and imperial ornaments. Between them was suspended a huge curtain, displaying golden bees and the imperial arms at the top, and divided into lozenges in gold. This curtain concealed from the spectators the new section of the line which extends to the river, and it was only as the Emperor approached that it was to be thrown open. The moment the signal was seen flying from the lofty pole on the Pont au Change, the curtain fell, and his Majesty, as he reached the bridge, took in at one glance the whole sweep of boulevard from where he stood to the northern extremity of Paris. From that spot it was one of the finest sights that could well be witnessed, with the immense multitude that lined the way, the troops, whose arms glittered in the sun, the gilded minarets, and the flags and streamers flying from house-tops and balconies. The windows, from the ground floors to the topmost stories, were full of spectators, and men and women might be seen watching from the roofs the progress of the gay cavalcade.

"The moment the Emperor appeared, holding with a light hand the beautiful but fiery charger on which he rode, keeping his paces as slow as possible, and thus presenting himself alone in advance of all guard or escort, an immense shout broke forth, and hailed him as he advanced from the Place du Chatelet, and did not cease till he reached the railway station. The Emperor did not remain long at the terminus. He again mounted on horseback, and, accompanied by his generals, and followed at the same distance as before by the escort of cavalry, he descended to the Great Boulevard, and instead of returning by the way he came, which was lined with troops, rode along the Boulevard, on which there was not a single soldier, turned down the Rue de la Paix, and in this way entered the Palace of the Tuileries. The Emperor's reception was most flattering. The usual precautions were taken against mischief, but nothing whatever occurred to disturb the tranquillity which reigned unbroken the whole of the day."

THE PERIM QUESTION IN FRANCE.

The *Débats* has a leader on the subject of the British occupation of the Isle of Perim. It says that, although it was premature in stating that a collective note had been addressed to England by the Cabinets of France and Russia, yet "it is true, and should surprise no one, that this affair of Perim has recently been the subject of a serious conversation between Count Walewski and Count Kisseleff, Embassador of Russia." It then gives its own version of the several occupations, combats the deductions of Mr. Vernon Smith, and concludes: "Under any circumstances, Turkey protests against this new occupation, which is effected without her authorization, and under totally different circumstances from those in which the two countries found themselves in 1799. She vindicates firmly her rights over the Isle of Perim, which she will neither gratuitously cede nor sell to England. The Sultan refuses to grant the firman asked from him to authorize the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez, at least until the English restore Perim. The Porte knows the value which the whole of Europe, except the English Government, attach to the execution of this grand project. Is it not, then, as if Turkey appealed to Europe, to all the co-signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris, against this open violation of her territory, against this attack made against the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire?" In another part it declares Perim to be a "second Gibraltar." As this spot is now the subject of a political "difficulty," the subjoined information may prove interesting: When the French took possession of Egypt in 1799, the English began to fortify the island, but quitted it soon after 1801, in which year Egypt was restored to the Turks. Somewhat to the south of Perim, and close to the African coast, is an island which is well known as the "Acht Brüder" (it is marked in English charts as "High Brothers"), and of this British troops are said recently to have taken possession. When the English returned to Perim about a year ago they found that no one had meddled with the fortifications and reservoirs which they had begun to make at the beginning of this century.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN PARIS.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "General Espinasse seems determined to immortalize his superintendence of the Home Department. With his comrade, M. Bottellier, as Prefect of Police, the system of espionage is carried to an extent that, unless one saw it in actual operation, would be incredible. To you it must be completely so. But the police now regularly visit every house in Paris once a day where the residents are known not to be adherents of the present dynasty, or profess political opinions in any degree contrary to the prevailing ones. If a foreigner, these domiciliary visits are made at his residence with more exact punctuality. The *concierge* is required to give in every instance a description of the parties visiting at the house, their names and abodes. The *bonnes*, or female domestics, are summoned before the Judge de Paix, and questioned as to all that happens under their eye; and are informed that unless they render a faithful account the *livre* which every servant must have signed once a year by the police will be denied them. Many *bonnes*, rather than submit to the office imposed upon them, have quitted their service and gone to the country. In this country, however, the espionage is carried on with such rigorous exactness that every tenth man may be said to have an eye upon his neighbor. The Emperor, as if conscious of the reports of his unpopularity, has been of late rather ostentatiously driving about in his phaeton, with no other attendants than his two grooms seated behind him, and yesterday astonished the *beau monde* in the Champs Elysées by driving down through the avenue at an ordinary pace. Usually his pace is something like fourteen miles an hour."

ANOTHER EXPLOIT OF ESPINASSE.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* tells the following story of General Espinasse: "A very short time ago a printer, named B——, had his license taken from him for some offense. He applied for an audience and never obtained one. At last, three or four days back, he got to see the secretary, and said, 'Tell the Minister I must see him—that it is an affair of life or death.' This being repeated to him, General Espinasse fancied the words applied to some plot against the Emperor, and at last admitted the man. The moment he saw him he exclaimed, hurriedly, 'Well, what have you to reveal?' The printer looked surprised—'I have to speak to your Excellency of my license, which has been arbitrarily taken from me,' was the reply. At this General Espinasse turned round in a rage, saying, 'What do you mean, then, by pretending you have to speak to me of a question of life or death?' 'But so it is,' answered the victim—'it is life or death to me—it is my bread—the bread of my children * *.' Here he was interrupted by the Minister's exclamation of 'What is that to me?' and was told angrily to retire. Before doing so, he tried another chance, and said: 'But think of my workmen. I have fifty or a hundred workmen, more or less; they will starve.' Whether General Espinasse fancied this hid a threat or not, I can not say; but he, upon this, most violently retorted, 'Dont talk of your workmen to me! Tell them we are not afraid of workmen; and if they trouble us, we will shoot them.'"

ANOTHER AMERICAN HEIRESS GONE.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* says: "I regret to say that after Easter Miss Ridgway, the wealthy Philadelphia heiress, will be led to the altar by a Frenchman, M. Ganay; for it is really a national prejudice that so many of our wealthiest ladies bestow their fortunes upon foreigners. Every winter one or two heiresses of millions of dollars from the United States marry Frenchmen."

BREAK-UP OF THE FRENCH LINE OF STEAMERS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Commercial* writes under date of the 1st inst. as follows: "One of the brothers Gauthier, owners of the screw line of steamers to New York, and of the *Lyonnais*, which was sunk by the *Adriatic*, is now in prison at Lyons on a charge of what is a serious crime in France. It was found that, in order to sell more rapidly the stock in their line of steamers, they made false entries in their books, so as to show a much higher and fictitious return of profits. The line will thus, perhaps, be broken up."

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF DIAMONDS SCATTERED IN THE STREET.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* describes an accident which occurred at Madame Lehon's ball, who lives on the left of the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées: "Young Prince Murat and his wife were going to the ball, when, just before they reached the door, some obstacle in the avenue made the carriage jostle so violently as to throw the driver from his seat, the horses ran away and broke the carriage on the basin of the fountain. The Princess was carried, bleeding and senseless, into Madame Lehon's; the dances were, of course, instantly interrupted, and several ladies fainted at the sight of the Princess in a ball dress and covered with blood. The wounds she received proved, fortunately, slight. When her alarm was dissipated it was discovered that her necklace and other ornaments of diamonds had fallen into the avenue. Imagine the consternation which followed this discovery, especially when search was made in vain for them, and it became necessary to postpone further investigation until the daylight appeared. Ten thousand dollars of diamonds in the Avenue des Champs Elysées all night! Policemen were posted to guard the ground until day broke, when the diamonds were found scattered in every direction; not a diamond was missing!"

ST. FAUSTIN IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The Council of the Order of the Legion of Honor have, after due deliberation, resolved that the Order of St. Faustin, founded by the Emperor Soulouque of Hayti, shall take its proper place among the decorations which French subjects will be permitted to wear."

PRUSSIA.

THE NEW PRINCESS FORBIDDEN TO RIDE.

A letter from Berlin, of the 1st, in the *Nord* of Brussels, says: "For some time past the ladies of this capital have been in the habit of assembling about noon in the alleys of Thiergarten, where the Princess Frederick William has been in the habit of taking her rides on horseback. For some days past the ladies have, however, been doomed to disappointment, as the equestrian exercises of the illustrious Amazon have been interdicted by her physicians for some months to come."

RUSSIA.

THE LAST SHELLS EXPLODED AT SEBASTOPOL.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, writing from Sebastopol, March 1, says: "The bombshells strewn about the city during the siege are still doing the work of death. No less than eight deaths, I think, have been caused by explosions of these missiles since my arrival, hardly a year since. Only a few days ago, two seamen belonging to the English steamer *Beyrout*, came on shore near our ship-yard, and for a few minutes were conversing with Mr. Gowen. They then started for a walk to the Redan, quite near our residence, and on reaching the breast-work one of them picked up an exploded detonating shell, intending to keep it as a relic, but finding it rather heavy, threw it down, when it instantly exploded and killed him, almost severing the head from the body, and completely cutting off his right leg. The remains were brought to our yard, whence they were buried. His companion escaped with a slight scratch upon the lip. On the following day two Russians were killed in a similar manner, while picking out the stopper of a shell. The lock by which the concussion ignited the powder of the shell is a curious affair, being a small equilateral cross, with a capsule at each point, and four little hammers held by a human hair. A sudden jar breaks the hair, causing the hammer to strike the cap, which explodes. After the shells are charged, the locks are inclosed in a copper tube and inserted within the hole of the shell, upon which a plug is placed. The shells, thus prepared, are placed in a box of the size of an ordinary chronometer box, which, for safety, must be handled 'this side up with care.'"

INDIA.

THE FALL OF LUCKNOW.

A transient steamer, with Bombay dates of March 18, and Calcutta March 8, reached Suez on the 29th ultimo. The latest news from Lucknow is to the morning of March 15, when nearly all the city was in possession of the British, but few rebels remaining in it. General Outram having turned the enemy's line of works on the Canal, the Martinere was stormed by Sir Edward Lugard, and the line of works seized on the 9th. The Bank House was also occupied. On the 11th, Jung Bahadoor moved into line, and the 93d Regiment, supported by the 42d, stormed the Begum's Palace. The British loss was less than 100 killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was 500. General Outram on the same day, on the north side of the Gomtee, seized on the stone bridge, and cut up 500 more of the enemy.

The buildings in advance of the Begum's Palace were occupied on the 14th. The Imaumbarrah was stormed, Goorkas assisting. The Kaiserbagh was entered, and after a fight lasting all day, was solidly occupied and twenty-four guns taken. General Outram then crossed the iron bridge, and opened fire on the flying enemy. The British loss was not known at Bombay, but was supposed to be small. The enemy rushed by the artillery on the 15th, flying from the city in great numbers. Two columns of cavalry and artillery were sent after them. Maun Singh had come into Jung Bahadoor's camp.

PANIC AT CALCUTTA.

There was a panic in Calcutta on the 3d of March. The President of the Council called out volunteers, and placed cannon on the bridges. Information had been received that the barrack of poor Sepoys, who were to relieve the fort garrison that night, were to have arms and attack the city. All, however, passed off quietly.

CHINA.

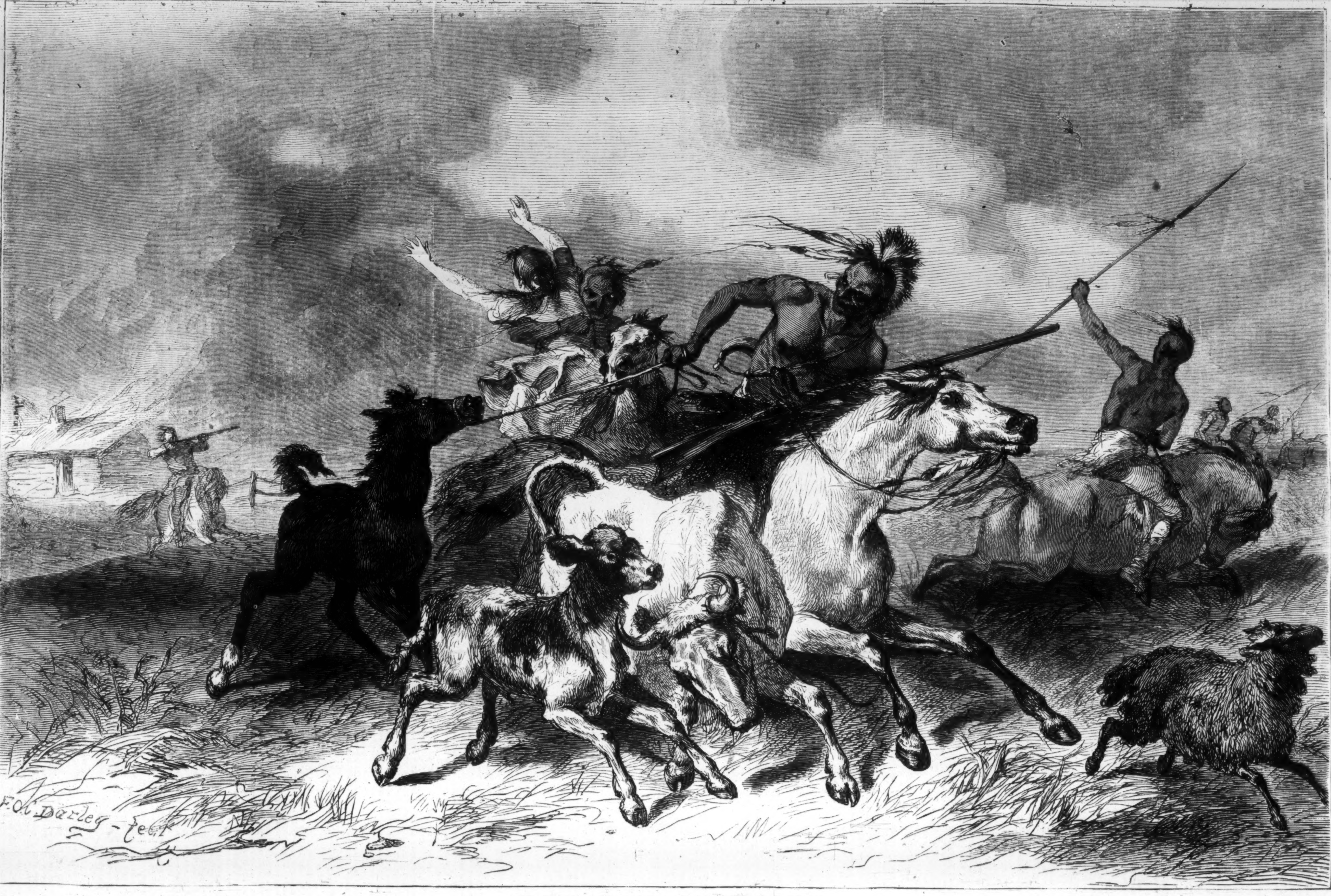
PROSPECT OF MORE FIGHTING.

The correspondent of the *Herald*, writing from United States Ship *Mississippi*, says: "It is currently reported here that the Chinese are preparing to give battle to the English; they have opened a foundry and are preparing all kinds of implements of war, and that they now muster twenty or thirty thousand strong, within four or five miles of the city of Canton. You may rest assured that, unless several thousand British troops arrive before long, the Chinese, under the direction of the Emperor, headed by the mandarins and gentry, will make a desperate attempt to retake Canton. When this takes place it will be a terrible hard fight, and the slaughter on both sides will be very great. The handful of troops now in that city will stand a very poor chance to hold the city should they be attacked by the Chinese army before reinforcements can reach them. The garrison of Hong Kong can not give them any aid, as the few troops—about five hundred—now in the garrison are required to keep the Chinamen of Hong Kong under subjection, who, by-the-way, do not express much friendship for these English rulers, and who would not hesitate a moment to take off an Englishman's head if he should happen to trust himself too far in the interior unprotected. The news which reaches here daily from Canton gives sad tidings of the destitution and misery among the poorer Chinese, who have been driven from their homes and have lost all they possessed."

PARAGUAY.

THE RIVERS OPENED TO TRADE.

We have news from Rio Janeiro to the 14th ultimo, containing the important intelligence of the amicable settlement of the difficulties between Paraguay and Brazil. By the provisions of the treaty of peace entered into by these two countries the rivers of Paraguay are thrown open to the commerce of all nations. To Brazil alone is conceded the privilege of allowing vessels of war to navigate the rivers; but this concession, owing to the shallowness of the streams, is one of little importance.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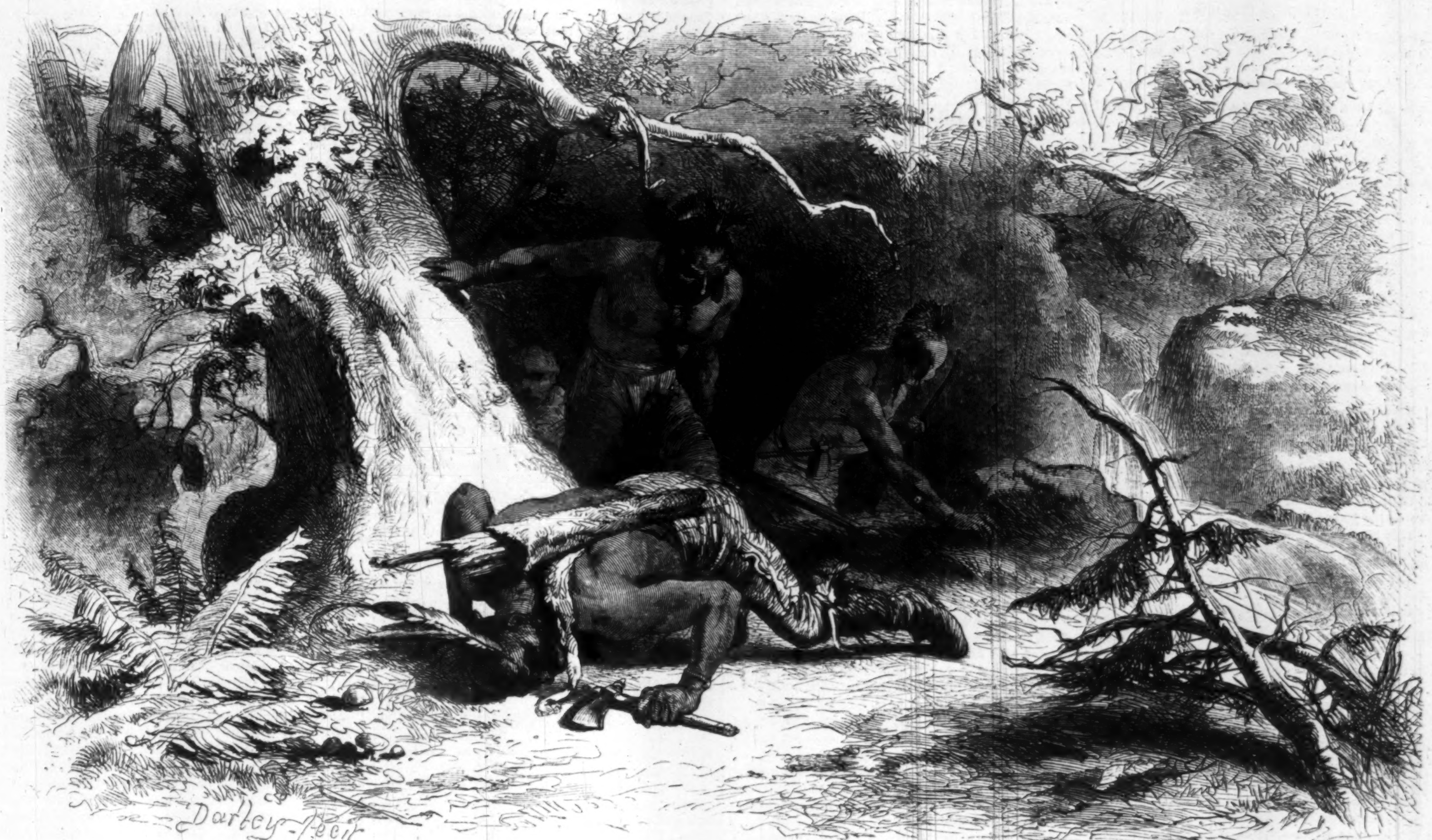
AN INDIAN FORAY IN THE WEST.



THE WAR TRAIL.

PICTURES OF INDIAN LIFE.

WE have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the accompanying beautiful pictures of Indian Life, by Felix O. C. Darley, Esq. Of all the artists who have made Indian life their study Mr. Darley has been, without doubt, the most successful. Old Indian traders have been heard to declare that the young artist must have spent most of his life in the Indian country, so admirably has he caught its "*couleur locale*" and peculiar characteristics.

The first of the pictures may be viewed as an illustration of a terrible tragedy which took place in 1832, in Illinois. In the words of a correspondent:

"In the year 1828, while the Kickapoo Indians were moving West from Illinois, a party of them camped on Spoon River, and spent some time in hunting.

"In the midst of this season of enjoyment—the last they would have before leaving the grounds forever—some white men, with no fear of God or man before their eyes, seized one of the young Indians and gave him a thrashing with a hickory sprout. Had they shot him the deed might have been forgiven, but the indignity of a flogging was more than they could bear, and the spirit of revenge rankled and festered in their red bosoms. Years wore away, and long leagues lay between them and their foes, but the memory of the offense was kept alive with the fires of revenge.

"It came at last, the time of vengeance. In May of 1832 the young Indian heard that the Sack and Fox Indians, under Black Hawk, were about to make war upon the whites. Rousing himself to the spirit of the hour, he called on his tribe to revenge his wrong, and to wipe out their disgrace in white man's blood. Nineteen redskins, brave and cruel, offered themselves to the work of vengeance. He went to Black Hawk and proffered the band of twenty warriors, with four of the Potawatomie tribe who joined them; and being gladly accepted by the great chieftain, they waited for the hour of expiation to arrive.

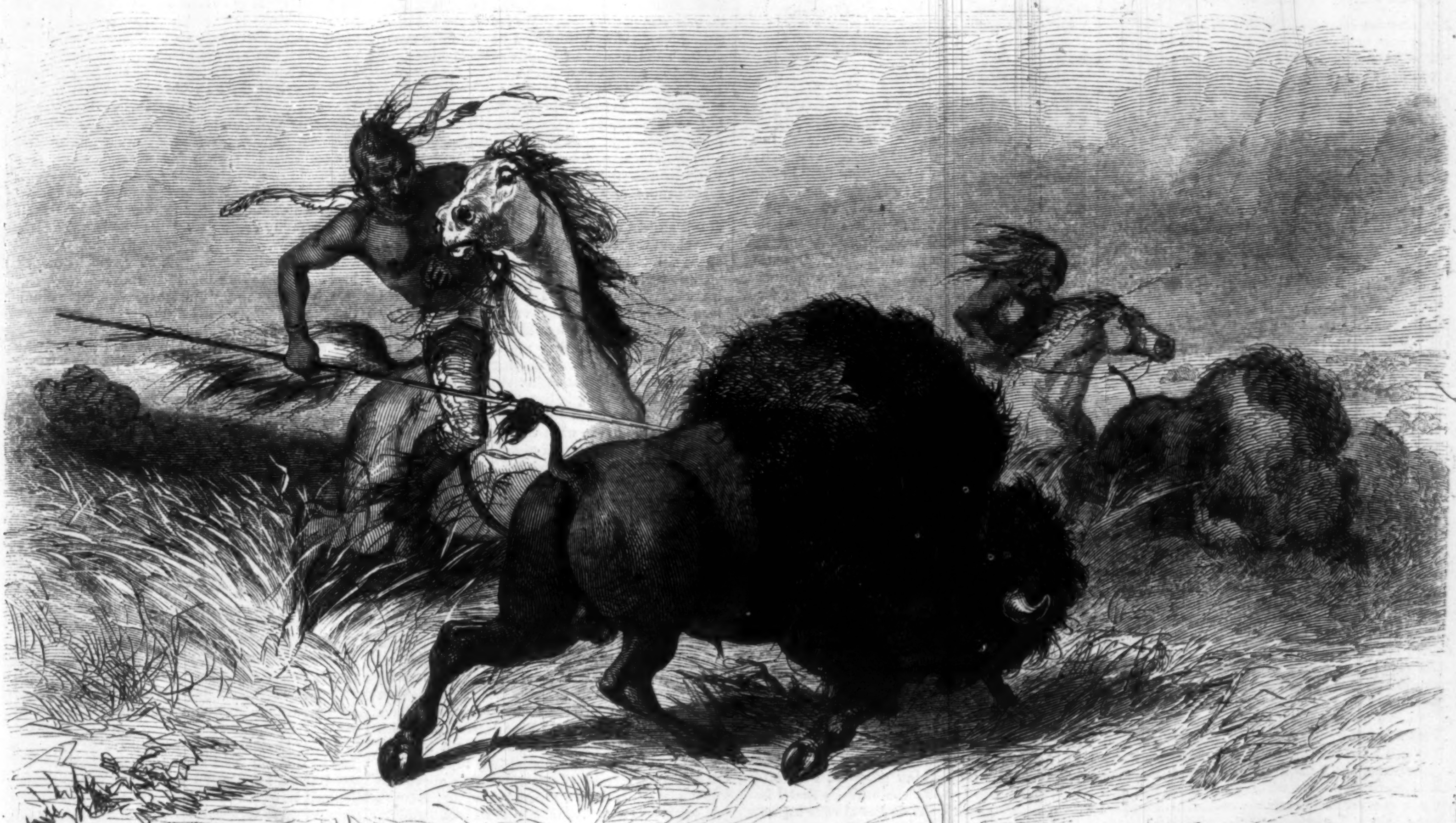
"This little band, with less of the daring, but not less of the blood-thirstiness, of their fathers, were sent to watch the country from the head-waters of Indian Creek, south and west, to Spoon River, the scene of the deed they were now sworn to revenge. A hundred miles they marched, through a country inhabited by three thousand whites, till they came to the head of Indian Creek, in Lasalle County, Illinois, where they found three families dwelling in fancied security, and dreaming not that these infernal wretches were prowling at their doors. These were the families of Mr. Davis, Mr. Petticu, and Mr. Hall, and the three men were together, near the house of one of them, when the Indians fired upon them, killed them all, and, rushing upon their defenseless homes, murdered sixteen of the inmates in cold blood! Their work was complete, and their errand done. Two beautiful young women were spared the fate of their parents and friends. Together with some choice cattle, they were seized and carried in triumph to the camp of Black Hawk. Here they were treated with respect, and detained as prisoners to be given as wives to the young Indian whose beating had now been so gloriously revenged. Happily for them they were saved from this doom, to them more dreadful than death itself, by the exertions of the noble Colonel Dodge, of Wisconsin.

"I was a trader among the Indians at the time, and know these facts to be true. They have never been published; but so strikingly do they illustrate the Indian character, they deserve to be recorded.

"Yours truly, W."

The other two pictures represent the "War-Trail" and the "Buffalo Hunt." We consider the former one of Mr. Darley's happiest delineations of Indian character. The prostrate figure of the man who is listening on the earth for the foot-fall of the enemy—the eager gaze of his followers—their crouching attitude—tell a tale of some fearful tragedy. The "Buffalo Hunt" is also a striking and effective scene, and will no doubt fire the blood of our sportsman readers.

These pictures will do no injury to the high reputation which Mr. Darley has won by his former illustrations of Indian life.



THE BUFFALO HUNT.

PHŒBE'S WOOING.

"Phœbe! Phœbe! Where is the chit?
When I want her most she's out of the way.
Child, you're running a long account
Up, to be squared on Judgment-day.

"Where have you been? and what have you there?"
"To the pasture, for buttercups wet with dew."
"My patience! I think you are out of your wits;
I wonder what good will buttercups do?

"There's pennyroyal you might have got,
Which might have been useful to you or me,
But I never heard in all my life
Of buttercup-cordial or buttercup-tea.

"I want you to stay and mind the bread,
I've just put two loaves in the oven to bake;
When they are done take them carefully out,
And put in their place this loaf of cake,

"While I run over to Widow Brown's;
Her son from the mines has just got back—
I don't believe he's a cent in his purse,
Young men are so shiftless now, alack!

"It was very different when I was young;
Young men were prudent, and girls were wise;
You wouldn't catch them gadding about,
Like so many idle butterflies."

So bustled and scolded the worthy dame,
Until she had passed the outer sill:
To do her justice, it seldom chanced
That her hands were idle, or tongue was still.

So Phœbe gathered her knitting up,
And sat her down in the chimney niche,
But her mind was on other thoughts intent,
And here and there she dropped a stitch.

The yellow kitten purred on the hearth,
While the kitchen clock, with its frame of oak,
In the corner stood, like a sentinel,
And challenged Time with its measured stroke.

But Phœbe's mind was on none of these—
The bread in the oven, her good aunt's frown,
And the scene before her faded away,
And blended with thoughts of Reuben Brown.

How they walked together on summer days,
Or bravely faced the winter's chill,
And chatted merrily all the way
To the little school-house on Sligo Hill.

How both grew older, and school-days passed,
When he was a youth and a maiden she,
How often she went with Reuben Brown
To the rustic dance or the social bee.

The warm flush deepened on Phœbe's cheek,
And she breathed a low, half-conscious sigh:
"Ah, welladay! they were happy times,
But he has forgotten, and so must I!"

So Phœbe gathered her knitting up,
Which, while she was thinking, had fallen down;
When her quick ear caught a strange footfall,
And there in the door-way stood Reuben Brown!

With the same frank, handsome face she knew,
A smile as bright, and an eye as black—
"Phœbe," he said, "I have wandered far,
Are you glad to see your playmate back?"

The kitten still purred on the kitchen hearth,
And the ancient clock, with its frame of oak,
In the corner stood, like a sentinel,
And challenged Time with its measured stroke.

A pleased light shone in the maiden's eyes;
Ah, Love, young Love, it is very sweet!
Reuben had gone, but she sat quite still,
And the knitting lay untouched at her feet.

Just then the dame came bustling in,
And went to the oven without ado.
"Why, Phœbe, child, what *have* you done?
The bread is baked as black as my shoe!"

And Phœbe started, and blushed for shame,
Took up her knitting, and dropped it down;
And when her aunt said, "What ails you, child?"
She hastily answered, "Reuben Brown."

Ah, Love! young Love! it is very sweet
In field, or hamlet, or crowded mart;
But it burns with the brightest, purest flame
In the hidden depths of a young maid's heart.

SPRING TALK.

"You must come up and see me to-morrow, for the lilacs and rose-bushes are beginning to show their little green leaves."

These were the spring-like words that greeted my ear as I passed two youthful ladies who had met on Washington Park last week. I looked slyly at them, to judge if their faces justified the remark, and the ready response which followed. They were sincere, pleasant faces, with no "lots for sale" upon them: every line and feature expressed something. Their garments were of quiet and becoming colors, and so unique that I was unable to remember any thing about them except the effect, which was pure and refined. I went my way; but upon casting one glance over my shoulder I saw that the one whose garden was blossoming held her hand toward a little romping girl, who came leaping over the jumping rope, crying out, "I have had a glorious time, mamma!" She is married, then; has a family; probably lives up town far enough to admit of trees and bushes in the yard; is evidently cultivated in mind; loves nature better than fashion; and is a good mother. So settling the lady's affairs, I went on satisfied.

In this manner I always speculate upon people I meet in my walks, and it is irresistible with me. Perhaps I fall into the habit of forming too hasty judgments, but I suspect it is better than gazing at shop-windows and wishing my purse was adequate to cover their tempting contents. There are some things, I admit, my heart yearns for in the spring days when I pass them in my walks; they are the potted plants, bending their tender twigs tremblingly to the soft-stirring air. The sight of roses, English violets, gillyflowers, heliotropes, and the dozen other sweet blossoms that stand lovingly together in odorous profusion, makes me more sentimentally happy than any thing else in the world. Dear friend, if you live in the city during the summer, let me beg you to place upon your window-sills some jars of potted flowers. There is a consolation to be reaped from them not to be expressed in words.

I love to go, on a May morning, with a friend, down to Fulton or Washington Market. Let me recommend it especially to dyspeptic ladies, only they must not wear thin boots nor handsome dresses—I hope it is unnecessary to explain why. There you will see a new life.

There the clean, brawny old women, whose skin is like tanned leather, sit behind their stands, knitting with complacent benignity of countenance: their fragrant cheeses; their tubs of butter, fresh and sweet; their baskets of transparent eggs—all ornamented with bunches of spring violets, stand in promising certainty before them. They look up at you as you advance, give you a knowing smile, and provokingly smell of their own cheese and butter, and rearrange their eggs—so pure—"Some bleached, some unbleached," as little Annie said when she saw them, and she held her hands clasped tightly together, lest she should give way to a naughty desire to break the brittle tempters.

Others you find surrounded with *my* loves—the plants; and oh, so *deliciously* cheap! You will not be able to resist these; you will buy just one verbena—only sixpence!

A little farther on and there is a bright array of *porte-monnaies*, bracelets, beads, and fancy work; and by the side of these, perhaps, an oyster vender, who, behind his stall, with brandished knife, invites you to stop and partake, "fresh from the shell." A two-pronged fork and a pewter castor are the only formalities; but in exchange for this lack of ceremony you swallow the most savory and slippery of mouthfuls. Beyond, again, are "Connecticut pies," aged tarts, and large dough-nuts, especially the *dough;* but I suspect you are as skeptical as regards pastry as you are about Spiritualism.

Scattered about in picturesque confusion are the meat-stalls, with their few spring chickens and their abundant legs of veal, interspersed with suggestive bottles of horseradish.

Here you see rosy-cheeked young wives, with their baskets on their arms, selecting dainties wherewith to make their husbands good-natured. Look at these well and long, you lords of creation, and then go and make speedy arrangements for finding your mate. Never mind your meagre purses—with such wives men are sure to prosper; and remember that

"The love you're always rich in
Makes a fire in the kitchen."

If your market-jaunt has fatigued you, then step on board the ferry-boat. Drink in the brisk, refreshing breeze, now just hiding its edge out of sympathy with the season. Let it trifle with your smooth hair; let it flutter your vails; let it lift your hats; let it redden your cheeks and warm your hearts, expand your lungs and open your eyelids. It is soft, hopeful, spring-like.

See the hills, how green they are turning; the willows are vailing their sorrows; the birds are seeking notched boughs; the gardeners are raking the beds; the florist opens his green-house to the warm air of the skies. The ladies are trimming their hats with green wreaths, and the children are shading their merry faces with broadbrims. The quiet rain talks to us at night, and the sunny sky laughs with us all day. Every thing speaks to us of hope and happiness. Every things says, "The good time is coming."

OUR CHARLEY.

FIVE years ago we parted from our Charley, bound for the East—the blithest, brightest, bravest lad that ever drew breath. I, who have been his mother, as he says, these fourteen years, have a right to boast of him; but all our island knows him. He was but just sixteen upon the night of the great storm, when I and all of us thought in our hearts that we should never live to see another day: the whole Atlantic raging at our feet, and the southwest wind, in its unbroken fury, pouring upon our low-roofed cottage—the first opponent, save a few mastless ships, that it had met for a thousand miles. The darkness and the noise were hideous; but, worse still, the pauses, when the powers of air seemed to be gathering strength for some more tremendous effort, and when the lightning showed for an instant the long line of white and shuddering cliff, and the black mass of waters rising in wrath to overwhelm it. We women were all up and in the parlor; the supper-table was yet spread there, at which four hours before we had sat, and laughed, and eaten, listening to the rising tempest, not without a selfish sort of comfort—God forgive us!—to think that we were safe and warm on land. There is a strange difference observable under all circumstances between hours, whatever they may be, devoted to wakefulness and those given to rest. Between twelve o'clock, for instance, to the lady of fashion, and three o'clock, if she happen to be awakened at such a time; and between ten and one to persons who live domestic, quiet lives like ourselves; quite apart from the contrast which the gayety and brightness of the one, and the loneliness and darkness which the other, must of course present—they seem periods of two separate existences, one of which is not without a certain terror for us. Whenever I have chanced to be called up at night, from illness in the house or other cause, although I soon get my brain in order for working purposes, I am a long time coming to myself: the business that I have been in such times set to do has always appeared, in a measure, weird-like, the familiar places unnatural, and my friends themselves what the Scotch call "uncanny." I think most people will feel what I mean. On this night of the tempest we were all excessively terrified. It was long before the candles could be lit (the wind got in so every where), and, when that was done, we were the more frightened with looking at each other's faces. Poor Janet—but fourteen then—with her brown hair hanging about her shoulders, and her large eyes starting out of their bed! Herbert—thirteen—very pale, with his mouth set in an artificial smile, poor little fellow, while his teeth chattered with horror! Small Alice, in fits of tears and screaming, so as to be heard even through that tempest, and both the maids pictures of abject terror! Presently, while the house was rocking to and fro like a tree, in rushed Master Charley, dressed, and with his Glengarry cap on. "Now, girls," cried he, "who will shut the front-door after me?"

"Good Heavens, Charley!" I exclaimed, "you are not surely mad enough to venture out in such a night as this?"

"Yes, mother, I am; why not?

"'In such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
Did Jessica—'

We read it, you know, the other night. I am going after Jessica—Phœbe Taylor, that is—or she will be drowned else. I am certain that this spring-tide, with such a gale to help it, will more than reach their cottage, and the old man can never carry her away without help."

He spoke of the bedridden wife of a superannuated fisherman, who, in defiance of the warnings of his companions, had set up his old boat, by way of a house, in the corner of the bay, just above high-water mark.

Directly Charley mentioned this, we knew at once the danger to which this aged couple must already be exposed, for it wanted but an hour or so to full tide; but the dangers of a rescue were not less.

"Remember, Charles," cried I, "that these three children have nobody to look to for protection in the world, save you."

"Oh yes," laughed he, gayly; "there's Herbert; ain't there, Herbert? Besides which, you will not get rid of me so easily; you will see me again anon, bearing the lovely Phœbe in my arms."

A tremendous crash, occasioned by the flying open of the hall-door, and its being jammed against the wall by the blast, announced the boy's departure. Then we felt deserted indeed. The two maids were blown down in the passage in their attempt to shut the door again, and the rush of wind into all parts of the house became so violent that I was in momentary expectation of its lifting the roof off. Our only comfort seemed to be gazing at the lighthouse. We had been inside it but a few days before, and it was, in a manner, cheering to know that there were living beings there then engaged in their usual occupation, and even counteracting to some extent the awful effects of the storm. In the mean time, walking edgewise, as he afterward affirmed, in order to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible, and absolutely feeling his way foot by foot, our Charley had reached the path that winds down to the beach. Here, away from the trees, and in the open, it was not so pitchy dark, and the gusts being dead against him, only nailed him to the cliff without danger of sweeping him from off it, which, had it changed to a point or two more westward, it would have done at once, like a knife. The tumult below him sounded so near and awful that he seemed to be descending into the sea; a slip, a false turn, a sprain of the hand or ankle, would now have been certain death to him. There was a light still burning in the wooden hut, however, which guided him aright, and gave him spirit, for it told him that he was not too late. He found the old man sitting by his wife, with whom he had fully made up his mind to die, since he could not save her. He had attempted to do so, however, for the poor woman was partly dressed, and had been lifted on to a chair. She was trying, as Charles entered the hut, to persuade her husband to leave her to her fate; "but, since it is your time to die, Phœbe," said the old man, "I seem to have lived in this world long enough." No two young lovers, charcoal-burning to death together after the French fashion, were ever half so noble a spectacle as that of this ancient couple. There was no doubt whatever about the reality of their heroism, for the spray of the still-rising tide had already begun to patter against their refuge, and they knew that the end must be very near indeed. Charles and the old man together had to wade very deep before they got poor Phœbe to the foot of the path, up which, with such a burden, they were quite unable to make their way. But our Charley was not the only angel abroad that night: the two coast-guard men had also bethought them of the perilous situation of the Taylors, and had come from the station with lanterns to see what could be done for them. They dared not, in such a night as this, however, take the shortest way which lay across the Down, and had been much delayed, so that the light in the little room was quenched, and the hut itself far out to sea, when they arrived; but they were in time to assist in bringing Phœbe up the cliff. We heard nothing of them until the party were in the little hall, and at the parlor-door—all safe.

I will tell you one thing more of Charley, to prove to you how brave a boy he was.

One of his chief pleasures was to join the fisher lads in their perilous expeditions after the nests of the eider-duck, and for the eggs of other sea-fowl. With the aid of an iron bar and a rope he would swing himself over the face of the steepest cliffs, and into caverns which one would have thought no creature could have entered save with wings. Upon one occasion he went out with another youth with only one strong rope between them, and, instead of one remaining above the precipice while the other went below, they thought it would be excellent fun to go down both together. They chose, too, for this amusement one of the loftiest and least-frequented cliffs of all, midway in which, however, they had seen from their boat once a great cave much haunted by the sea-fowl. They fixed their bar firmer than usual, and took to the rope together, the fisher lad being undermost; they laughed and chatted in air, with the sea four hundred feet beneath them, as town-bred lads would laugh and chatter in a swing; but they found it by no means easy to reach the cavern with their double load, being afraid to make a pendulum of the rope for fear it should wear away from the increased friction at the summit. At last the boy beneath obtained a footing, and held the rope fast while Charles slid off into the hole. But attracted by the cry which the latter raised at sight of the myriads of nests which lay within, and confused, perhaps, besides, with the swinging, the fisher lad let the rope slip through his fingers; once only it swung within distance, but in his agitation he made a futile grasp at it, and after one or two vibrations, succeeding one another more rapidly than I can write of them, the two boys were left in their living tomb, with the means of escape indeed within sight, but only to tantalize them with its proximity: seven or eight feet of fathomless space lay between them and it—a situation to them, who well understood it, more awfully perilous even than it seems. No vessel ever came near enough, on account of the breakers, to see any signal such as they could make from the sea; they had left no word at home of whereabouts they were going; and, even should they be found, it was very improbable that means could be devised for their rescue, while they had still the strength and spirit to take advantage of them. The boys looked at one another in blank dismay, as they thought of all these things. "My poor dear mother," said the fisher lad, with a groan, for he was her only hope. "Supposing one dropped," asked Charley, thoughtfully, after a few moments, "would this tide carry one for certain on to shore in the fishing bay?"—"Yes," said the other, "and within the next hour to a certainty, but it would be only as a dead corpse, Master Charles."—"God alone knows that," quoth Charley; "we must trust in Him." He wrote down upon a slip of paper (which I now possess, with the writing just a little, a very little shaken, poor fellow, when it gets to the last message) some such words as these: "Robert Harris is in the Gull's Hole upon Wadden Cliff: he has lost hold of the rope, and must have help at once: my dearest love to all at home.—Charley." He put this up in his case bottle, taking the cup off at the bottom, so that the writing might be seen at once through the glass, and buttoned it up in his coat-pocket. "My people are richer than yours, Bob, and can better spare me," cried he. "I am going to leap at the rope, old fellow; let us shake hands." The lad tried to persuade him not to risk it, but rather to hope for rescue by means less desperate. But—"Don't unnerve me, Bob," was the simple heroic answer; "once, twice, thrice, and here goes." The other hid his face while the spring was taken, listening for the far-off splash, perhaps, that should tell him his friend was dead, who had spoken to him the instant before. But when he looked up, our Charley was holding well on to the rope, only he was deadly pale. He got to the cave again in safety, and the two rescued lads came up to life again, with their pockets stuffed with eider-down. Charles was a brave boy—his widowed mother's darling and mine, in whose care she left him, and beloved by all. He did not know her long, but loved her dearly, and had the strangest thoughts about her always. He thought that she was near to him, and upon the eve of any special peril he seemed to grow conscious of her presence. The night before he left us, as we wandered in and out the rocks by the sea-shore, and round the leafy paths that thread the copse, and up and down the level sands, all grown so doubly dear to him at parting, he was full of this. Perhaps it was but natural—having dwelt so long upon the happy past, and stroke by stroke together retouched many a picture hanging dim enough in the long gallery of memory—that we should come at last to her. With our eyes upon that boundless world of waters, darkening as the night drew on, with that whisper of eternity breaking softly on our ears, alone, and in that beautiful spot, it was natural, I say, that we should speak of the beloved dead.

"Mother"—he called me "mother" even then—"she is listening to us now," he said. "I shall see her in my dreams to-night; she is quite close to us."

I begged him not to talk thus, and reminded him that it was time to go within.

"Nay," said he, "but let us once more climb the Down." So we toiled up the steep behind us in silence, under the innumerable stars.

"See you," said he, when we had reached the summit, "yon steadfast lights on ocean? There rides a mighty fleet, the guardian-angels of our land, and all night long they keep strict watch and ward because of us. There were they, still, though hid from view, until we gained the headland, and there will they be when we descend again. So it is, as I think, with some of us: few souls but have some spirit watching over them, although unseen, save, haply, when a more than common danger threatens, when heavenly stoops to earthly, and the fleet sails rounds to us."

I do not mention this because I think that such a belief was to Charles's credit—for I believe it to be a false and weak one—but to prove that he was no mere samphire-gatherer and pillager of gulls' nests, a youth of nerves and sinews only. Had he been so, would Janet, the enthusiastic, the poetess, have ever loved him so dearly as she did? Would gentle Alice, for whom I have heard him weave full many a fairy tale? Would Herby, whose young head he filled with visions of tilt and tourney?

It was terrible the parting from a lad like this; but he thought the Fusabad appointment was too good to be let slip, for our sakes; although, for himself, he would have much preferred the military service. We watched the mighty vessel that bore him out, rounding the point and speeding into space, farther than any other dewy eyes in Britain. Our roof, I think, is the last English home the exile sees, and the first speck which, after weary years, grows gradual to the sight on his return. Through all the war in the Crimea we saw the very last of every squadron, the smoke-clouds streaming on the horizon's verge, and the first glimmering of those countless sails which brought up from the warring "underworld" our wounded thousands. If the wind was favorable, we could hear the martial band-music, nay, even the cheers themselves, of the gallant soldiers, in the vessels outward-bound; and in the homeward, if the skies were clear, we could see, with telescopes, the very beds of the wounded, ay, and perhaps of the dead, brought up upon the decks for disembarkation. We were sad enough, indeed, but we had no miseries of this kind *then* to dread for Charley. The East was then at peace, whither he was bound; the vessel that bore him was cleaving tranquil seas. The next letter, however, which we got from him was from Spain. The ship had been wrecked, with awful loss of life—himself picked up exhausted; but "all's well," he wrote, "as far as I am concerned, except for my kit, and I hope to start from Gibraltar in a luckier vessel." A slip of paper was inclosed for me: "I told you that a peril threatened me; remember our last talk upon the shore." There was not a word in his account of the shipwreck of this incident, which we read of in the newspapers:—"Among other deeds of heroism during the confusion, and when it was plain that the ship must go to pieces in a few minutes, that of a Mr. Charles Brooke, E.I.C.S., deserves especial mention. Observing a young lady—Miss Claud, daughter of Lieutenant-General Claud, of the Bengal army, who was on her way to join her father in Calcutta—unprovided with a life-preserver, he removed his own from his waist, and fastened it around her; and in the water afterward, perceiving her to be drifting out to sea, he brought her by incredible exertions under the protection of the headland, and into the bay, where she was rescued. Mr. Brooke was picked up subsequently insensible; but we are happy to state that this noble young fellow has since entirely recovered." If this had happened two years later, we should not have considered the proceeding so entirely disinterested, as after that period Miss Claud began to figure in his letters pretty frequently under the more familiar title of "dearest Ellen." In due time they were married, and last January wrote us a most enthusiastic account of their little boy, then exactly a month old, and already "beginning to take a great deal of notice."

"Next Christmas," wrote our Charley, "we hope all three to spend in the beloved island,

"'Where groves of pine on either hand
To break the blast of winter stand,
And, east and west, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

"'Where underneath the milky steep
The ships of battle slowly creep,
And on through zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep.'

We have the latest poetic accounts of you, you see, up here at Fusabad, which, indeed, is almost as much in the world, and quite as civilized a town, as your Southampton. Arden is here, and will take his leave at the same time with us for England. How I long for you all to see dear Ellen and the child!"

Not more than we longed for them, be sure! How we pleased ourselves with imagining what sort of person—pretty and good-tempered, we were certain—Charles's Ellen would be! And that sweet baby, too, whom we loved in advance ever so much, and kissed, and dandled, and made much of, already in anticipation! Whether would our Charley himself be changed or no? How much would he have to tell us, after his five years' absence! What a merry, merry, Christmas it would surely be!

Then came the first rumors of revolt to shadow this fair picture. Again the soldier-crowded ships began to pass in quick succession before us over the eastward sea; but, this time, how much more of our selfish hearts they bore with them! How prayerfully, women though we were, we wished God-speed to rifle-ball and bayonet! One day we got a letter from our Charley, confirming our worst fears; words which, from him who always took the most cheering view of matters, filled us with cruel grief.

"It is folly," wrote he, "to disguise our position any longer. The irregular cavalry here are not to be trusted, and our lives are in their hands; the general can not afford us any addition to our little band of European soldiers; there is mutiny all around us; and this is probably the last dawk that will go safe to its destination, so I write in haste to catch it. I have looked death in the face before now, mother, but never with such dear ones in my company: this is what makes it terrible. Some of us here think better of our situation, and God grant that they may be right; but I—I saw her last night, and you know what I hold such a sight to mean. You will not soon forget me and mine, whatever happens, I well know. Heaven bless you all."

Our Charley never wrote to us again. The very next telegraph ran thus: "An outbreak of the I. C. at Fusabad; their officers were fired upon; all the civilians in the station massacred save three." Never, surely, had oracle of old the power to cast in despair, to excite to passionate hope, to agonize by suspense, its credulous believers, that this world-traversing dumb sibyl possesses in these days. Its wires are as the very threads of fate, on which hang human lives; our heart-strings have become electric too, and with them shudder in unison. "Save three!" In these two words and their interpretation all happiness or misery seemed for us to centre: Father, mother, and child! Two of them! one of them at least, in mercy, must be among those "three!" After nearly two months of wearing hopes and fears, the names were published, giving joy to other households—to ours despair. They were all three strangers. Captain Arden, poor Charley's friend, was one of the few officers who escaped with life; he wrote us a sad letter, with but one cold gleam of hope, in a report that he had heard of some Europeans of Fusabad being still alive in the revolted district, under the protection of a native rajah; but we were sunk too deep in sorrow to be buoyed by such a floating straw as this. We gave the writer credit for good intentions, but were not more wretched when we read, in his second letter: "Our last spark of hope has, I fear, died out. I come to England by the earliest packet, and my first visit will be to you." He had things to tell us of a very terrible interest. By this time autumn had faded, and winter was spreading over us his snow-white pall, lightly and tenderly, as in our island he ever spreads it, like a father covering the face of his dead child. But the seasons themselves could bring no such change upon nature as it seemed, in the sadness of our hearts, to have already suffered. The breeze that swept our lofty downlands was no longer blithe and spirit-stirring, but rose in gusts of lamentation, and died away in melancholy sighs: the laughing sea had become a waste of waters; and our favorite paths, where the evergreens flourish as in spring, might have been full of withered leaves, so loth were we to walk there; because our Charley seemed to be associated with all these things, as the scent with the flower, or as the soul with its beautiful form. If this seems to be exaggeration, it must be remembered that our little household is a very simple one, and alone in the world, and that our Charley was all in all to us.

The time had now arrived when the steamer that was to bring Captain Arden might be expected, and we watched for it attentively, but without impatience; with eyes less tearful than had followed that retreating vessel years ago, but with hearts far heavier.

Herbert had been dispatched to Southampton to await the captain, and bring him on to us at once; so that, when the black ship went by at dawn, we knew that we should see him that same evening. As the afternoon wore on, we got to be so unaccountably wistful and anxious that the girls and I determined to walk up the cliff-road to meet our guest.

"There comes the carriage!" exclaimed thoughtless Alice, presently, clapping her hands.

A look from her sister reminded her at once of the tidings which our visitor must needs have to tell us, and the poor girl (who has as loving a heart as any of us) hung her head down, and let fall her vail. She must have been mistaken, however, about the carriage, as it must have by this time emerged round the corner of the rock. Instead of this, a solitary horseman, Herbert, showed himself. "Arden is not come on," cried he, "but I have seen him; he has brought the best of news, the very best: the baby is saved—Ellen is saved—Charley is saved: the rajah took the very greatest care of the whole family. Now don't get white and foolish, Janet, or I will tell you no more news."

"They are here," murmured Janet, faintly; "they are all here, I know."

"Well, dearest, I was going to tell you that myself: they are waiting round the cliff yonder, till you have quite made up your minds to see them."

And there in very truth they were—the three: the crowing baby, the fair wife, and our own Charley, safe in their island home. Thanks be to Heaven, we had indeed a time of great joy. I would that by every English hearth, this year, the vacant chairs had been as blithely filled!

Miscellany.

The Boy is Father to the Man.

A recent biographer of General Havelock says:

"The Charter House has boasted of many scholars who have sprung into eminent men: among others, Crashaw, the poet; Addison and Steele, the essayists; John Wesley, the religious reformer; and Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice. To the list will surely be added 'Old Phlos.' The pet name will be remembered by Carthusians whose memories can go back some forty years or more. They will not have forgotten the gentle and thoughtful lad who used to stand looking on while others played, and whose general meditative manner procured for him the name of 'Philosopher,' subsequently diminished to 'Phlos,' and occasionally applied as 'Old Phlos.' That young and popular philosopher was the soldier at whose name the hearts of Englishmen beat with honest pride. 'Old Phlos,' of the Charter House, was Havelock, the hero of Cawnpore."

—A WRITER in *Blackwood* has some very sensible remarks on the evils of that fashionable social philosophy which turns out annually so many

Pattern Young Ladies;

girls, that is to say, moulded to a certain monotonous pattern; girls who might have been jewels, but *are*, in fact, little centres of vapid self-sufficiency set in crinoline.

"Our modish Cupid has overstrung his bow—his arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key of their hearts so carefully that nobody thinks it worth looking for. Who is to choose 'the one' out of a bevy of proper-behaved damsels like a row of hollyhocks, differing only in height, and shape, and color? They all look alike, dress alike, talk alike, and walk alike; and for any thing that appears to the contrary, think alike and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention—matrimony prepense; few men have the nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butchers' and bakers' bills before they take such a plunge as that.

Marrying a Young Lady.

"There was my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion (clasps for Alma and Balaklava), gentle as a greyhound, and I should say impressible, decidedly. 'What I missed most,' said he, in his open-hearted, unabashed simplicity, 'was the sight of a woman's face.' Whereupon I spoke: 'I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking-room of the "Army and Navy." Why not pick up a nice girl, and set up the family name again at the old manor?' 'Well, so I would,' said Jack, interjectively between the puffs of his cutty, 'but there are no girls now—they're all young ladies: catch me marrying a young lady!'

A Partner to Dance.

"Jack has mortally offended, I fear, a whole circle of previous admirers, mammas and daughters, by a very innocent and well-intentioned little speech he made at one of his last public appearances. His hostess was begging him to dance. Jack 'didn't seem to care about dancing.' 'But pray—to oblige her—there were so many nice girls sitting down, and the men were so stupid!' Jack would have danced with a she-bear sooner than be really rude or ill-natured; so he consented. The patroness was charmed and grateful. And now, which would he like her to introduce him to? 'Miss A? sweet girl! Miss B? very sweet girl—clever, only so quiet! The two Miss C's? both darlings! Miss D?' (in a whisper) 'twenty thousand, and not engaged!' 'Thankye,' said Jack, after casting his eye along the line as if he were on parade, 'they all look very much alike. As I am to do it,' continued he, without moving a muscle of his countenance, for he was in earnest, 'I may as well do it handsomely; so I'll take the tallest and the stiffest, with a shade of red in her hair.'"

—ALL honor to the

Brave Girl

of whom the author of "John Halifax," herself an independent maiden lady, tells this story:

"A young girl, an elder sister, had to receive for step-mother a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and 'improper' thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.' From that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being, while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been any thing but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others, because she never was and never will be indebted to any one, except for love while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!"

—DR. YVAN, traveling Cantonward on a Chinese fast, heard a cricket chirp, and was instantly struck with the

Celestial Love of Home

which induced these poor Chinamen, even when traveling, to surround themselves with every thing that can remind them of family life. He was enlightened by a knowing friend, who informed him that it was not for their song these cheerers of the hearth were valued, but for their pugnacity. Presently he became witness to a duello between two of these chirpers, whom, from admiration at their song, he had named Mario and Lablache.

A Cricket Match.

"Two Chinese took down a couple of cages of bamboo, adorned inside with green leaves, two little palaces filled with silky herbs, and sat down before me. The two palaces contained Lablache and Mario, who were taken out and placed in a porcelain bowl. Lablache was just what I had fancied him from the harmonious testimony of his voice: his rounded paunch caused the segments of his cuirass to bulge out; his powerful fore-legs were armed with hooked nails; and through his brown visor could be seen two arched tusks which lifted up his lips. Mario, on the contrary, was slim and graceful; his black armor fitted tightly round his waist, and his tusks were completely concealed by his mask of steel. The two insects endeavored at first to escape, but the polished sides of the bowl formed an insuperable obstacle to their attempt. Accordingly they took up their positions at the bottom of the bowl, where they would have probably remained at peace with one another but for the intervention of Chinese perfidy. The two backers were each armed with a long straw, but in the hands of the wicked the most harmless weapon becomes formidable. Mario's master, with the most abominable intention, pushed the blade of grass insolently beneath the nose of his champion; the latter, thinking the insult came from Lablache, who at this moment appeared to be beating time with his antennæ, sprang at his head, and struck to the ground the horn on which he laid the guilt. Indignant at this unmerited aggression, the insect that had lost its horn flew at its adversary, and lamed him with the first blow. Mario looked for an instant with stupor at his fore-foot, deprived of the right torsus, and listening only to the voice of passion, seized Lablache by the hair, and dragged him three times round the bowl. Alas! it was not Achilles with the body of Hector; for Hector, suddenly disengaging himself, fell with all his weight upon his adversary, crushed him in his embrace, and devoured a portion of his head. After glutting his wrath the conqueror took up his position in the middle of the bowl, and waited for a new assailant; but no other knight had the audacity to present himself. Lablache returned in triumph to his palace, shaking proudly his solitary horn. All day long our fasting was the theatre of similar scenes."

Beauty and Wit.

"Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit."

—HAS it ever occurred to the gentle reader to consider seriously on the amount of genius requisite to the proper performance of that common trick of the ring—not the political arena, but the circus ring—known as the

Summersault?

Here is the whole matter laid bare:

"Nothing has ever been to me a greater mystery, or a cause of more painful and fruitless cogitation, than the art of throwing clear summersaults from feet to feet. As well as I can understand the matter, it seems that this is the only notable human performance which must be perfectly accomplished at the very first trial; which must, I say, positively *be done* at that time, if ever. Here is an act, surely the most difficult and amazing. How to do it is a problem that can be solved no other way than empirically, and is clearly beyond the inductive method. Its formula is 'Here goes.' Any error in working out the proposition is a case for the hospitals. You or I could not, were it to save our lives, get so far with the attempt even as to break our necks by the failure. And yet, every man who throws a summersault must have done it for the first time, at some time or other, and he can tell us nothing that shall help us to a correct knowledge of the business. There is another feat of some consideration in the tumbler's arcana. It is technically known as the "up-spring," and, though it attracts little notice from the uninitiated, on account of its apparent facility, is said to be almost as difficult as the summersault. A clown performs this feat about ten times on an average, in the course of a pantomime. It is his professional way of getting up when he has been knocked down. Pantaloon, under the same circumstances, you will remember, is picked up by his nether drapery. But the clown always throws an up-spring; and this is how he does it. Being on his back he elevates his heels as much as possible, and then jumps quickly to his feet, taking the spring from the shoulders. That's all. It looks really very easy. Try it."

—AND this calls to mind

A Yankee Trick.

"Sitting at the *table d'hôte*, at Boulogne, once, I happened to start a conversation which became general. It was in the matter of gymnastic exercises, and embraced remarks on the up-spring, and on the fearful exertion it called forth. A tall gentleman, of grave demeanor and a very serious tone of voice, both of which combined had gained him the universal deference of the company, said he thought he could perform the feat in question. One of the youngest and least reverential persons present offered to bet him a good round sum that he would fail on the first attempt. To the astonishment of the whole table, the serious gentleman took the bet; but how much greater was the surprise of every body, when, having laid his long ungainly form on the floor, he threw the up-spring in a clever manner, and calmly pocketed his gains! He soon afterward informed us that he was an American clown, proceeding to Paris, on an engagement with Franconi's."

—THIS is the age of Science, and it is commonly supposed to be every man's duty to know all about every thing. There are yet left, however, some conservative old fogies, who would not be tempted by the apples of the Tree of Knowledge, and swear by the old proverb that

Ignorance is Bliss.

"It has not added to my personal comfort," says one of these, "to know to a decimal fraction what proportion of red earth I may expect to find in my cocoa every morning; to have become knowingly conscious that my coffee is mixed with ground liver and litmus, instead of honest chicory; and that bisulphuret of mercury forms the basis of my cayenne. It was once my fate to have a friend staying in my house who was one of these minute philosophers. He used to amuse himself after breakfast by a careful analysis and diagnosis of the contents of the tea-pot, laid out as a kind of *hortus siccus* on his plate. 'This leaf, now,' he would say, 'is fuchsia; observe the serrated edges: that's no tea-leaf—positively poisonous. This, now, again, is blackthorn, or privet—yes, privet; you may know it by the divisions in the panicles; that's no tea-leaf.' A most uncomfortable guest he was; and though not a bad companion in many respects, I felt my appetite improved the first time I sat down to dinner without him. It won't do to look into all your meals with a microscope. Of course there is a medium between these over-curious investigations and an implicit faith in every thing that is set before you. One likes in the main, though perhaps it betrays a weakness, to know what one is eating. Hear, on the other side the question, a recent traveler in China: 'Salted earth-worms,' quoth he, 'which *fortunately we did not know until we had eaten them!*' That was a true philosopher; but we can not all be expected to attain to the sublime."

—LORD LYNDHURST—the Boston lord—tells a good story apropos of his surrender of the Great Seal, in 1846, showing the relative importance of the

Ins and Outs.

"When I went to the palace," says his Lordship, "I alighted at the grand stair-case; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called, in sonorous tones, from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, 'Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England;' I entered the presence chamber; I gave the seals to her Majesty; I had the honor of kissing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back stair-case, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lackey bustled up, and, with a patronizing air, said, 'Lord Lyndhurst, can I do any thing for you?'"

Pity

is akin to love, but often of a purer origin. A fair young child may pity the weak, infirm old man. And nothing on earth is more beautiful than infancy tending age.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

The wreck cast back from Charybdis.

Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle.

GUY DARRELL turned hurriedly from the large house in the great square, and, more and more absorbed in reverie, he wandered out of his direct way homeward, clear and broad though it was, and did not rouse himself till he felt, as it were, that the air had grown darker; and looking vaguely round, he saw that he had strayed into a dim maze of lanes and passages. He paused under one of the rare lamp-posts, gathering up his recollections of the London he had so long quitted, and doubtful for a moment or two which turn to take. Just then, up from an alley fronting him at right angles, came sullenly, warily, a tall, sinewy, ill-boding tatterdemalion figure, and seeing Darrell's face under the lamp, halted abrupt at the mouth of the narrow passage from which it had emerged—a dark form filling up the dark aperture. Does that ragged wayfarer recognize a foe by the imperfect ray of the lamplight? or is he a mere vulgar footpad, who is doubting whether he should spring upon a prey? Hostile his look—his gesture—the sudden cowering down of the strong frame, as if for a bound; but still he is irresolute. What awes him? What awes the tiger, who would obey his blood-instinct without fear, in his rush on the Negro—the Hindoo—but who halts and hesitates at sight of the white man—the lordly son of Europe? Darrell's eye was turned toward the dark passage—toward the dark figure—carelessly, neither recognizing, nor fearing, nor defying—carelessly, as at any harmless object in crowded streets, and at broad day. But while that eye was on him, the tatterdemalion halted; and, indeed, whatever his hostility, or whatever his daring, the sight of Darrell took him by so sudden a surprise, that he could not at once re-collect his thoughts, and determine how to approach the quiet, unconscious man who, in reach of his spring, fronted his overwhelming physical strength with the habitual air of dignified command. His first impulse was that of violence; his second impulse curbed the first. But Darrell now turns quickly, and walks straight on; the figure quits the mouth of the passage, and follows with a long and noiseless stride. It has nearly gained Darrell. With what intent? A fierce one, perhaps—for the man's face is sinister, and his state evidently desperate—when there emerges unexpectedly from an ugly-looking court or *cul de sac*, just between Darrell and his pursuer, a slim, long-backed, buttoned-up, weasel-faced policeman. The policeman eyes the tatterdemalion instinctively, then turns his glance toward the solitary, defenseless gentleman in advance, and walks on, keeping himself between the two. The tatterdemalion stifles an impatient curse. Be his purpose force, be it only supplication, be it colloquy of any kind, impossible to fulfill it while that policeman is there. True, that in his powerful hands he could have clutched that slim, long-backed officer, and broken him in two as a willow wand. But that officer is the Personation of Law, and can stalk through a legion of tatterdemalions as a ferret may glide through a barn full of rats. The prowler feels he is suspected. Unknown as yet to the London police, he has no desire to invite their scrutiny. He crosses the way; he falls back; he follows from afar. The policeman may yet turn away before the safer streets of the metropolis be gained. No; the cursed Incarnation of Law, with eyes in its slim back, continues its slow stride at the heels of the unsuspicious Darrell. The more solitary defiles are already passed—now that dim lane, with its dead wall on one side. By the dead wall skulks the prowler; on the other side still walks The Law. Now—alas for the prowler!—shine out the thoroughfares, no longer dim nor deserted—Leicester Square, the Haymarket, Pall Mall, Carlton Gardens; Darrell is at his door. The policeman turns sharply round. There, at the corner near the learned Club-house, halts the tatterdemalion. Toward the tatterdemalion the policeman now advances quickly. The tatterdemalion is quicker still—fled like a guilty thought.

Back—back—back into that maze of passages and courts—back to the mouth of that black alley. There he halts again. Look at him. He has arrived in London but that very night, after an absence of more than four years. He has arrived from the sea-side on foot; see, his shoes are worn into holes. He has not yet found a shelter for the night. He had been directed toward that quarter, thronged with adventurers, native and foreign, for a shelter, safe, if squalid. It is somewhere near that court, at the mouth of which he stands. He looks round, the policeman is baffled, the coast clear. He steals forth, and pauses under the same gaslight as that under which Guy Darrell had paused before—under the same gaslight, under the same stars. From some recess in his rags he draws forth a large, distained, distended pocket-book—last relic of sprucer days—leather of dainty morocco, once elaborately tooled, patent springs, fairy lock, fit receptacle for bank-notes, *billets-doux*, memoranda of debts of honor, or pleasurable engagements. Now how worn, tarnished, greasy, rapscallion-like, the costly bauble! Filled with what motley, unlovable contents—stale pawn-tickets of foreign *monts de pieté*, pledges never henceforth to be redeemed; scrawls by villainous hands in thievish hieroglyphics; ugly implements replacing the malachite penknife, the golden tooth-pick, the jeweled pencil-case, once so neatly set within their satin lappets. Ugly implements, indeed—a file, a gimlet, loaded dice. Pell-mell, with such more hideous and recent contents, dishonored evidences of gaudier summer life—locks of ladies' hair, love-notes treasured mechanically, not from amorous sentiment, but perhaps from some vague idea that they might be of use if those who gave the locks or wrote the notes should be raised in fortune, and could buy back the memorials of shame. Diving amidst these miscellaneous documents and treasures, the prowler's hand rested on some old letters in clerk-like fair caligraphy, tied round with a dirty string, and on them, in another and fresher writing, a scrap that contained an address—"Samuel Adolphus Poole, Esq., Alhambra Villa, Regent's Park." "To-morrow, Nix my Dolly; to-morrow," muttered the tatterdemalion; "but to-night—plague on it, where is the other blackguard's direction? Ah, here—" And he extracted from the thievish scrawls a *peculiarly* thievish-looking hieroglyph. Now, as he lifts it up to read by the gaslight, survey him well. Do you not know him? Is it possible? What! the brilliant sharper! The ruffian exquisite! Jasper Losely! Can it be? Once before, in the fields of Fawley, we beheld him out of elbows, seedy, shabby, ragged. But then it was the decay of a foppish spendthrift—clothes distained, ill-assorted, yet still of fine cloth; shoes in holes, yet still pearl-colored brodequins. But now it is the decay of no foppish spendthrift; the rags are not of fine cloth; the tattered shoes are not brodequins. The man has fallen far below the politer grades of knavery, in which the sharper affects the beau. And the countenance, as we last saw it, if it had lost much of its earlier beauty, was still incontestably handsome. What with vigor, and health, and animal spirits, *then* on the aspect still lingered light; *now*, from corruption, the light itself was gone. In that Herculean constitution excess of all kinds had at length forced its ravage, and the ravage was visible in the ruined face. The once sparkling eye was dull and bloodshot. The colors of the cheek, once clear and vivid, to which fiery drink had only sent the blood in a warmer glow, were now of a leaden dullness, relieved but by broken streaks of angry red—like gleams of flame struggling through gathered smoke. The profile, once sharp and delicate like Apollo's, was now confused in its swollen outline; a few years more, and it would be gross as that of Silenus—the nostrils, distended with incipient carbuncles, which betray the gnawing fang that alcohol fastens into the liver. Evil passions had destroyed the outline of the once beautiful lips, arched as a Cupid's bow. The sideling, lowering, villainous expression which had formerly been but occasional, was now habitual and heightened. It was the look of the bison before it gores. It is true, however, that even yet on the countenance there lingered the trace of that lavish favor bestowed on it by nature. An artist would still have said, "How handsome that ruggamuffin must have been!" And true is it, also, that there was yet that about the bearing of the man which contrasted his squalor, and seemed to say that he had not been born to wear rags, and loiter at midnight among the haunts of thieves. Nay, I am not sure that you would have been as incredulous now, if told that the wild outlaw before you had some claim by birth or by nurture to the rank of gentleman, as you would had you seen the gay spendthrift in his gaudy day. For then he seemed below, and now he seemed above, the grade in which he took place. And all this made his aspect yet more sinister, and the impression that he was dangerous yet more profound. Muscular strength often remains to a powerful frame long after the constitution is undermined, and Jasper's Losely's frame was still that of a formidable athlete; nay, its strength was yet more apparent now that the shoulders and limbs had increased in bulk, than when it was half-disguised in the lissom symmetry of exquisite proportion—less active, less supple, less capable of endurance, but with more crushing weight in its rush or its blow. It was the figure in which brute force seems so to predominate that in a savage state it would have worn a crown—the figure which secures command and authority in all societies where force alone gives the law. Thus, under the gaslight and under the stars, stood the terrible animal—a strong man imbruted—"SOUVIENS-TOI DE TA GABRIELLE." There, still uneffaced, though the gold-threads are all tarnished and ragged, are the ominous words on the silk of the she-devil's love-token! But Jasper has now inspected the direction on the paper he held to the lamplight, and, satisfying himself that he was in the right quarter, restored the paper to the bulky, distended pocket-book, and walked sullenly on toward the court from which had emerged the policeman who had crossed his prowling chase.

"It is the most infernal shame," said Losely, between his grinded teeth, "that I should be driven to these wretched dens for a lodging, while that man who ought to feel bound to maintain me should be rolling in wealth, and cottoned up in a palace. But he shall fork out. Sophy must be hunted up. I will clothe her in rags like these. She shall sit at his street-door. I will shame the miserly hunks. But how track the girl? Have I no other hold over him? Can I send Dolly Poole to him? How addled my brains are!—want of food—want of sleep. Is this the place? Peuh!"

Thus murmuring he now reached the arch of the court, and was swallowed up in its gloom. A few strides, and he came into a square open space, only lighted by the skies. A house, larger than the rest, which were of the meanest order, stood somewhat back, occupying nearly one side of the quadrangle—old, dingy, dilapidated. At the door of this house stood another man, applying his latch-key to the lock. As Losely approached, the man turned quickly, half in fear, half in menace—a small, very thin, impish-looking man, with peculiarly restless features that seemed trying to run away from his face. Thin as he was, he looked all skin and no bones—a goblin of a man whom it would not astonish you to hear could creep through a keyhole. Seeming still more shadowy and impalpable by his slight, thin, sable dress, not of cloth, but a sort of stuff like alpaca. Nor was that dress ragged, nor, as seen but in starlight, did it look worn or shabby; still you had but to glance at the creature to feel that it was a child in the same Family of Night as the ragged felon that towered by its side. The two outlaws stared at each other. "Cutts!" said Losely, in the old rollicking voice, but in a hoarser, rougher key—"Cutts, my boy, here I am, welcome me!"

"What! General Jas.!" returned Cutts, in a tone which was not without a certain respectful awe, and then proceeded to pour out a series of questions in a mysterious language, which may be thus translated and abridged: "How long have you been in England? how has it fared with you? you seem very badly off? coming here to hide? nothing very bad, I hope? what is it?"

Jasper answered in the same language, though with less practiced mastery of it—and with that constitutional levity which, whatever the time or circumstance, occasionally gave a strange sort of wit, or queer, uncanny, devil-me-care vein of drollery, to his modes of expression.

"Three months of the worst luck man ever had—a row with the *gens-d'armes*—long story—three of our pals seized—affair of the galleys for them, I suspect—French frogs can't seize me—fricasseed one or two of them—broke away—crossed the country—reached the coast—found an honest smuggler—landed off Sussex with a few other kegs of brandy—remembered you—preserved the address you gave me—and condescend to this rat-hole for a night or so. Let me in—knock up somebody—break open the larder—I want to eat—I am famished—I should have eaten you by this time, only there's nothing on your bones."

The little man opened the door—a passage black as Erebus. "Give me your hand, General." Jasper was led through the pitchy gloom for a few yards; then the guide found a gas-cock, and the place broke suddenly into light. A dirty narrow stair-case on one side; facing it, a sort of lobby, in which an open door showed a long, sanded parlor, like that in public-houses—several tables, benches, the walls whitewashed, but adorned with sundry ingenious designs made by charcoal or the smoked ends of clay-pipes. A strong smell of stale tobacco and of gin and rum. Another gaslight, swinging from the centre of the ceiling, sprang into light as Cutts touched the tap-cock.

"Wait here," said the guide. "I will go and get you some supper."

"And some brandy," said Jasper.

"Of course."

The bravo threw himself at length on one of the tables, and, closing his eyes, moaned. His vast strength had become acquainted with physical pain. In its stout knots and fibres, aches and sharp twinges, the dragon-teeth of which had been sown years ago in revels or brawls, which then seemed to bring but innocuous joy and easy triumph, now began to gnaw and grind. But when Cutts reappeared with coarse viands and the brandy-bottle, Jasper shook off the sense of pain, as does a wounded wild beast that can still devour; and after regaling fast and ravenously, he emptied half the bottle at a draught, and felt himself restored and fresh.

"Shall you fling yourself among the swell fellows who hold their club here, General?" asked Cutts; "'tis a bad trade, every year it gets worse. Or have you not some higher game in your eye?"

"I have higher game in my eye. One bird I marked down this very night. But that may be slow work, and uncertain. I have in this pocket-book a bank to draw upon meanwhile."

"How?—forged French *billets de banque*—dangerous."

"Pooh! better than that; letters which prove theft against a respectable rich man."

"Ah, you expect hush-money?"

"Exactly so. I have good friends in London."

"Among them, I suppose, that affectionate 'adopted mother' who would have kept you in such order."

"Thousand thunders! I hope not. I am not a superstitious man, but I fear that woman as if she were a witch, and I believe she is one. You remember black Jean, whom we called *Sans culotte*. He would have filled a church-yard with his own brats for a five-franc piece; but he would not have crossed a church-yard alone at night for a thousand Naps. Well, that woman to me is what a church-yard was to black Jean. No; if she is in London, I have but to go to her house and say, 'Food, shelter, money;' and I would rather ask Jack Ketch for a rope."

"How do you account for it, General? She does not beat you—she is not your wife. I have seen many a stout fellow, who would stand fire without blinking, show the white feather at a scold's tongue. But then he must be spliced to her—"

"Cutts, that griffin does not scold—she preaches. She wants to make me spooney, Cutts—she talks of my young days, Cutts—she wants to blight me into what she calls an honest man, Cutts;—the virtuous dodge! She snubs and cows me, and frightens me out of my wits, Cutts. For I do believe that the witch is determined to have me, body and soul, and to marry me some day in spite of myself, Cutts. And if ever you see me about to be clutched in those horrible paws, poison me with ratsbane, or knock me on the head, Cutts."

The little man laughed a little laugh, sharp and eldritch, at the strange cowardice of the stalwart dare-devil. But Jasper did not echo the laugh.

"Hush!" he said, timidly, "and let me have a bed, if you can; I have not slept in one for a week, and my nerves are shaky."

The imp lighted a candle-end at the gas-lamp, and conducted Losely up the stairs to his own sleeping-room, which was less comfortless than might be supposed. He resigned his bed to the wanderer, who flung himself on it, rags and all. But sleep was no more at his command than it is at a king's.

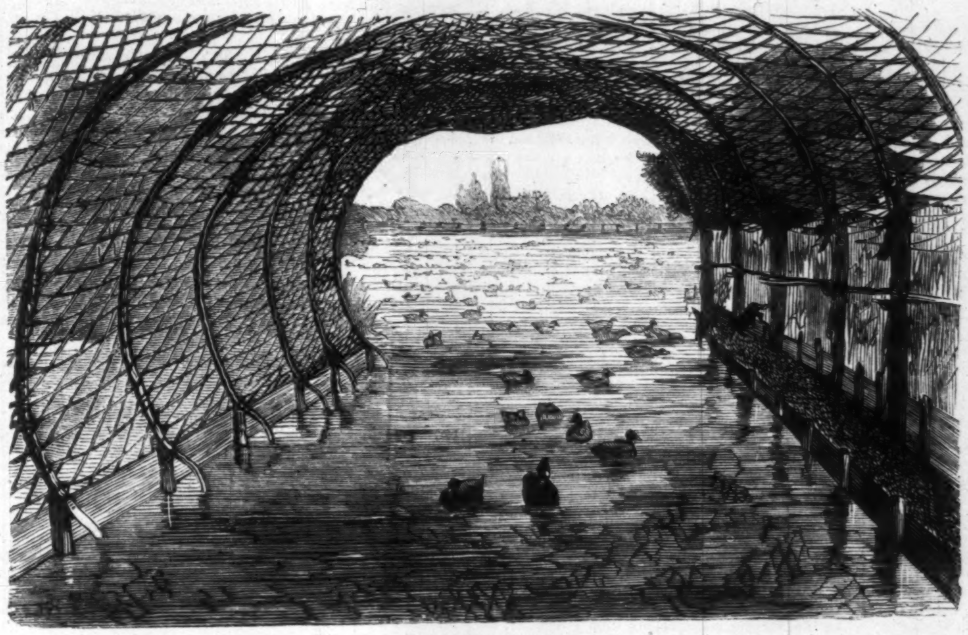
"Why the —— did you talk of that witch?" he cried, peevishly, to Cutts, who was composing himself to rest on the floor. "I swear I fancy I feel her sitting on my chest like a nightmare."

He turned with a vehemence which shook the walls, and wrapped the coverlid round him, plunging his head into its folds. Strange though it seem to the novice in human nature—to Jasper Losely the woman who had so long lived but for one object—viz., to save him from the gibbet, was as his evil genius, his haunting fiend. He had conceived a profound terror of her, from the moment he perceived that she was resolutely bent upon making him honest. He had broken from her years ago—fled—resumed his evil courses—hid himself from her—in vain. Wherever he went, there went she. He might baffle the police, not her. Hunger had often forced him to accept her aid. As soon as he received it, he hid from her again, burying himself deeper and deeper in the mud, like a persecuted tench. He associated her idea with all the ill-luck that had befallen him. Several times some villainous scheme on which he had counted to make his fortune had been baffled in the most mysterious way; and just when baffled—and there seemed no choice but to cut his own throat or some one else's—up turned grim Arabella Crane, in the iron-gray gown, and with the iron-gray ringlets—hatefully, awfully beneficent—offering food, shelter, gold—and some demoniacal, honorable work. Often had he been in imminent peril from watchful law or treacherous accomplice. She had warned and saved him as she had saved him from the fell Gabrielle Desmarets, who, unable to bear the sentence of penal servitude, after a long process defended with astonishing skill, and enlisting the romantic sympathies of young France, had contrived to escape into another world by means of a subtle poison concealed about her *distinguée* person, and which she had prepared years ago with her own bloodless hands, and no doubt scientifically tested its effect on others. The cobra capella is gone at last! "*Souviens-toi de ta Gabrielle*," O Jasper Losely! But why Arabella Crane should thus continue to watch over him whom she no longer professed to love—how she should thus have acquired the gift of ubiquity and the power to save him—Jasper Losely could not conjecture. The whole thing seemed to him weird and supernatural. Most truly did he say that she had *cowed him*. He had often longed to strangle her; when absent from her, had often resolved upon that act of gratitude. The moment he came in sight of her stern, haggard face—her piercing lurid eyes—the moment he heard her slow, dry voice in some such sentences as these, "Again you come to me in your trouble, and ever shall. Am I not still as your mother, but with a wife's fidelity, till death us do part. There is the portrait of what you were—look at it, Jasper. Now turn to the glass—see what you are. Think of the fate of Gabrielle Desmarets! But for me what, long since, had been your own? But I will save you—I have sworn it. You shall be wax in these hands at last;" the moment that voice thus claimed and insisted on redeeming him, the ruffian felt a cold shudder—his courage oozed—he could no more have nerved his arm against her than a Thug would have lifted his against the dire goddess of his murderous superstition. Jasper could not resist a belief that the life of this dreadful protectress was, somehow or other, made essential to his—that, were she to die, he should perish in some ghastly and preternatural expiation. But for the last few months he had, at length, escaped from her—diving so low, so deep into the mud, that even her net could not mesh him. Hence, perhaps, the imminence of the perils from which he had so narrowly escaped—hence the utterness of his present destitution. But man, however vile, whatever his peril, whatever his destitution, was born free, and loves liberty. Liberty to go to Satan in his own way was to Jasper Losely a supreme blessing compared to that benignant compassionate *espionage*, with its relentless eye and restraining hand. Alas and alas! deem not this perversity unnatural in that headstrong self-destroyer! How many are there whom not a grim hard-featured Arabella Crane, but the long-suffering, divine, omniscient, gentle Providence itself, seeks to warn, to aid, to save—and is shunned, and loathed, and fled from, as if it were an evil genius! How many are there who fear nothing so much as the being made good in spite of themselves?--how many?—who can count them?

HOW TO CATCH DUCKS.

ON the Rhine, in Europe, the finest of the game birds abounds in such quantities that at times the waters are covered with them. Sportsmen have visions of flocks of fat ducks whenever the name of the river is mentioned. The greater the massacre of ducks, and the larger the consumption, it seems, the more prolific the tribe, and the more abundant the supply the following year.

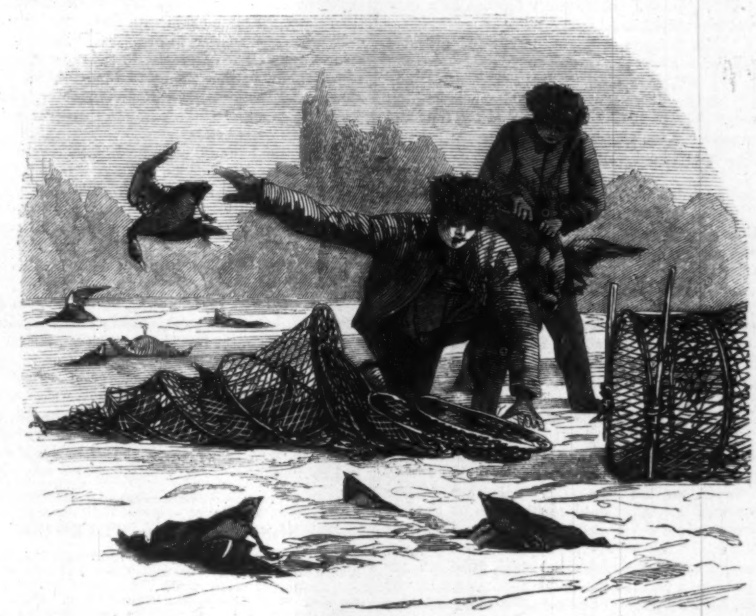
As sportsmen will at once believe, the duck tribe on the Rhine are wild and wary. The least sound frightens them. At the sight of a man they fly, and will not alight for half a day. Fifty miles is the least interval which the King of the Ducks on the Rhine thinks it safe to interpose between his subjects and the misshapen two-legged creature without wings or webbed feet who dared to threaten their peace and safety with a double-barreled fowling-piece. Even on our tranquil waters it is no easy matter to obtain a couple of shots at a family of ducks. To get one good shot the sportsman must stalk his game. On the rivers of Europe, which have been the resort of sportsmen for generations, necessary measures of precaution are transmitted from father to son among the ducks; and he must be an unusually skillful hunter who contrives to surprise the aquatic birds of that meridian. They see and hear him long before he suspects their vicinity. If he can get one long shot, he may consider himself repaid for several hours' watching in the swamps and the mud.


MOUTH OF THE NET.

On the Rhine, however, a new plan has lately been adopted for the capture of ducks. At the mouth of a creek a funnel-shaped net is laid, with the mouth of the funnel open near the mouth of the creek. The net is contrived in compartments without divisions, each ring growing smaller and smaller as the net stretches inland. The trap is so managed that from the river only one compartment is visible. At the second ring the net turns a sharp corner, and natural or artificial brushwood conceals the rest of the apparatus.

When the net is laid some twenty tame ducks are let loose upon the river, near its mouth. The sportsman lies in concealment till a flock of wild ducks alight near the spot. Then the decoys begin to do their work. They flirt with the new-comers. They cajole them. They seem to tell them, in the duck tongue, of the delights of their existence. Their exertions are not in vain. The wild ducks, which at first seemed shy and sulky, soon fraternize and become affectionate with their new friends. They may be seen swimming in pairs—a wild male and a tame female, or *vice versa*—just as Anglo-Saxon sailors make friends with Sandwich Island girls, or as New York belles fall in love with Italian counts.

When the watchful sportsman perceives that his decoys have done their duty, he proceeds to barb the hook by throwing into the water, at the mouth of the first compartment of his treacherous net, a quantity of the most succulent food. Ducks are not gastronomers; wholesome food, and plenty of it, farinaceous if possible, is their choice. Accordingly our sportsman bestrews the still water at the mouth of his creek with the very comestibles which wild and tame ducks love best. This rouses a passion among the tame ducks which is even superior to flirtation. Their appetite is even stronger than their affections; the moment their experienced eyes detect the usual feast floating on the surface of the water they make for the spot.


THE SPORTSMAN'S HAUL.

We all know that when Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square, declared her intention to go to the Opera, young Abimelech Bushel, of Canandaigua, had no choice but to follow her thither, though he hates music, and always goes to sleep at the Opera. Ducks are like human creatures. When the wild ducks see their tame friends sailing toward the mouth of the snare they follow them. Each fascinating young tame duck has a couple of wild drakes in hot chase after her, and each fine-looking tame drake decoys a too confiding wild duck to the treacherous shade of the willows. Mankind may well learn a lesson from the scene.

Once inside the net, the practical superiority of civilization over barbarism is triumphantly asserted. With one accord the tame ducks fall to devouring the bait. They pay no attention to their lovers, but feed with conscientious activity. Not so the denizens of the forest and lake. Perhaps from the feeling which induces young Augustus De Vere to leap his horse over a stone wall, in presence of his lady love (he would be delighted to engage in single combat with a ten-foot ogre), the wild ducks, male and female, despise the scattered luxuries which they see on the water, and proceed to explore the locality. They seem to say that there is a very snug spot for love-making up yonder under the bushes in the shade; and, like young Alfred Spoonheart, they exhaust themselves in endeavors to decoy their tame sweet-hearts up yonder, promising themselves—the traitors—to desert them so soon as they have received their young heart's troth. They labor so zealously, and bestir themselves so actively to find out the limits of this new love lane in which they happen to be, that, after a time, twenty or thirty of them have passed through the ring dividing the first from the second compartment.

They are now out of sight of the river. The idea occurs to the most experienced of the group as he turns riverward. He gives the signal of escape. Horror of horrors! At the very mouth of the net stands one of those nefarious two-legged, unwinged monsters against whom every prudent drake warns his brood as soon as they are old enough to understand any thing. A man is watching them with calm, bloody-minded, relentless gaze. In an instant all thoughts of tender dalliance are dismissed by the ducks. Escape is now their sole consideration. And as the passage riverward is blocked by the monster aforesaid, they swim swiftly and tremulously in the opposite direction. They pass one, two, three, four rings, and, to their surprise, they find themselves crowded together in a very singular fashion. They begin to wish they had a little more room. They have doubts whether they have pursued the right course. The leader turns round to look backward. There stands the two-legged monster, with his bloody-minded expression, looking at them as before; and now he actually shouts.

At this the hearts of the poor ducks fail them altogether. Reckless of comfort, they fly, they swim, they jump on each other's backs in their agony, and at last rush frantically all together into the *cul de sac*, the last compartment of the fatal net. They have no sooner reached the terminus of their journey than the mouth of the last compartment is drawn tight by a ruthless hand, it is unhooked from the ring, and one by one the ducks are drawn forth and strangled.

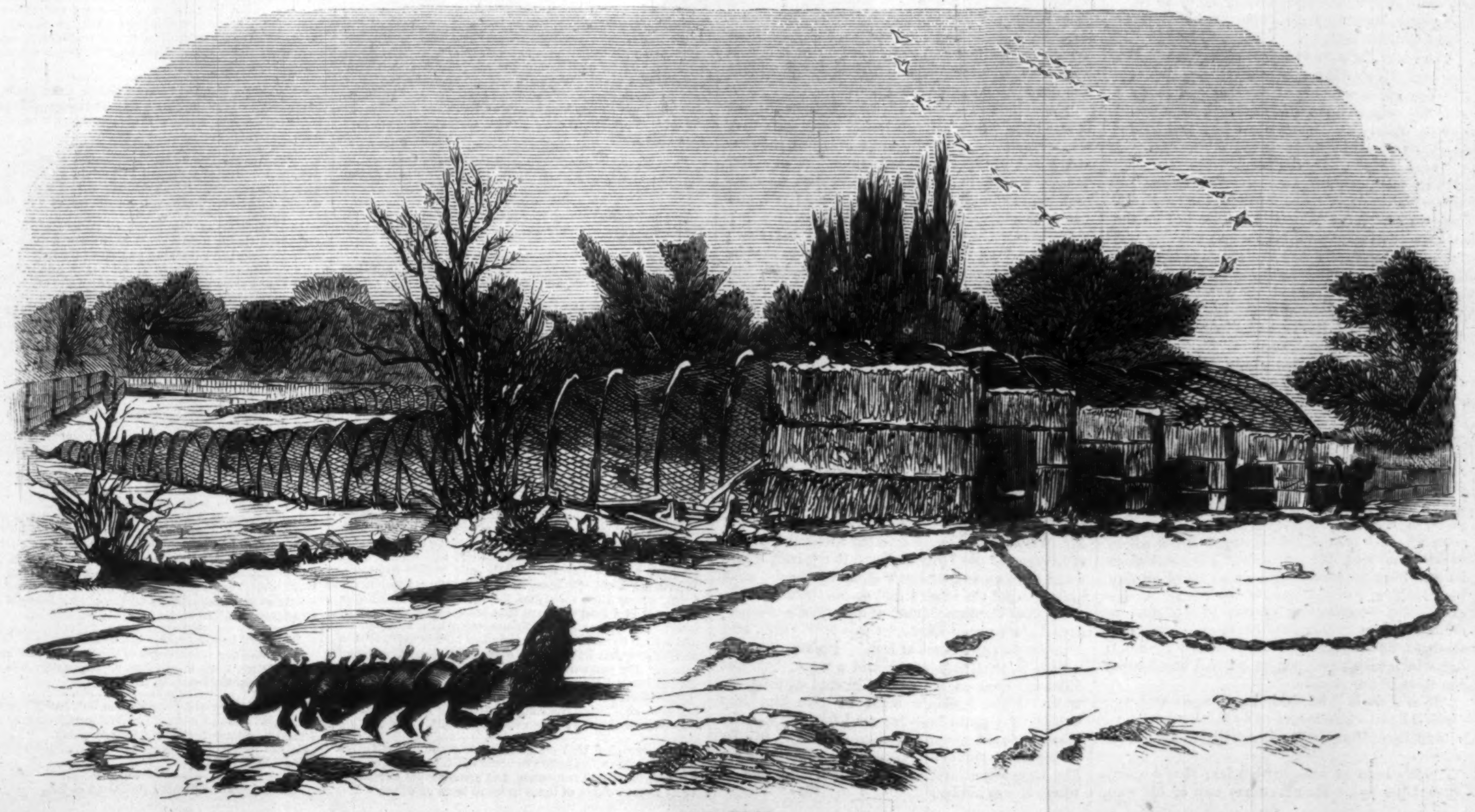
The most singular part of the story is that the ducks make no cry when they are caught and put to death. It is supposed that terror deprives them of their voice. Certain it is that they die, and make no sign; which is a great comfort to the sportsman, who renews his little stratagem three and four times a day.

We submit the plan to our American sportsmen. Canvas-backs and red-heads may be taken by this method just as easily as the common ducks of Europe. A hundred ducks a day—no uncommon haul for the owner of a net on the Rhine—would be something unusual even for the most experienced of our gunners.

A PACKET-SHIP'S COMPANY.

WE had been a fortnight on board the mail packet on our way home from the West Coast of Africa, and had exhausted nearly every possible amusement it provided under those circumstances and within those limits. We had on board the usual complement of strange-looking captains and traders from the River Bonny, and, after passing Accra, had watched the canoes come off through the surf at Cape Coast Castle, and landed and walked up to the Governor's house at Sierra Leone. We had played at whist and the game of the race at all unoccupied times, and had displayed our various vocal powers and musical acquirements—which, I must confess, were not of a nature to have enlivened any circle—and as we were homeward-bound we had no newspapers and very few books.

The passengers consisted mainly of officers going home on sick leave; one of whom—whose father held a civil appointment of importance on the Gold Coast—was accompanied by his sister. Then there were five or six bronzed captains, and copper-colored merchants of gold dust and ivory, so that altogether our number mounted to fourteen. We were by no means a lively company, and as I have said before, at the expiration of a fortnight we seemed to have exhausted all our amusements,


THE TRAP.

and consequently to have annihilated every possible subject of mutual interest.

Under these circumstances we had, for two or three evenings running, sat on the quarter-deck, beneath an awning, looking listlessly from one to the other, watching young Wilson of the Gold Coast Corps, who was going home on sick leave; envying him his power of unlimited sleep; or lazily following with our eyes the one-armed captain, who paced the deck in an uneasy, restless manner from morning to night. He had not been home for fourteen years, and had now left his ship, a stationary merchant vessel, up the River Bonny, to "have a look at the old country."

A more uncomfortable, unsatisfactory companion it would be impossible to imagine; and young Wilson, who shared a double cabin with him, was loud in his complaints, and pathetic in his appeals for sympathy.

"Sleep!" said Wilson, "I can't sleep—that fellow won't let me sleep; and it's all very well to talk, but you can't get any sleep worth having in the day-time. You know his berth is fixed just over mine, and no sooner have I turned in and fallen into a doze than—rat-tat-tat-tat—goes the iron hook fastened to the stump of his arm.

"The first night I thought he wanted something, so I called out, 'What's the matter, skipper?' but he only growled at me in reply. And I declare that every hour of every night since then, or whenever he thinks I am asleep, rat-tat-tat-tat comes that hook on the frame of the berth just above my head. I don't bear it meekly, I assure you, and I have used more bad language to that man than I ever used before in my life. But, upon my honor, I believe he would rather hear me swear at him than say nothing at all; for he'll often give a kind of a sighing groan after it, as though some one had lifted a heavy weight from his chest."

"You may depend upon it he has got a bad conscience," said our one lady. By-the-by, she was treated with as much deference as if she had been Queen of England; and she was a queen in her own small way, and not a bad queen either—Queen of Beauty—Wilson said, and one or two more who were inclined to be spooney.

So, of course, when she suggested "conscience," we all echoed the "depend upon it," and every one offered, laughingly, a possible explanation of the cause. And thus we fell into a talk about this same conscience and its torments, and began to tell stories illustrative of it. Most of them were, I must confess, neither very amusing nor very instructive; and pretty Miss Graham began to yawn, and her brother, Captain Graham, had followed the example of young Wilson, and was fast asleep.

Then, after two old sea-captains had spun a long yarn, there was a pause, which Miss Graham broke by exclaiming,

"Oh, Mr. Barkum, you have been to all kinds of places, seen such queer things, do tell us a true story."

The Mr. Barkum thus addressed—a jolly old trader—replied with a grin,

"What shall I tell you, miss?"

"I don't know. As we are on the sea, tell us a story of shipwreck—but not a melancholy one."

"Never told one in my life, miss!"

"But you have been shipwrecked, have you not?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Barkum, "sure-ly yes, miss, sure-ly. Why I was shipwrecked here"—with a broad wave of the arm which included the whole Atlantic.

"You don't say so, Mr. Barkum. Do tell us all about it. What did you do?"

"Well," said that gentleman, "we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights, and then we took to the boats. And after we took to the boats we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights more; and wery cold and wery wet we were. Then the victuals fell short; and for three days and three nights we had nothin' to eat nor nothin' to drink, and wery hungry and wery thirsty we were."

Here Mr. Barkum made a long pause.

Miss Graham said,

"And was there no vessel to pick you up, Mr. Barkum? How did you manage?"

"Well, miss, we burned priming and made a fire in the dripping-pan that the black cook would not have believed. Then we cast lots, and the lot fell on the steward; so we stewed—"

"Good Heaven, Mr. Barkum!"

"Yes, miss, we did, indeed. We stewed his boots—Wellingtons. The tops was the tenderest. Then we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the black cook; so we stewed his pumps; but they was uneatable, though the soup kept us alive ten days. After that we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the captain, and we stewed his water-boots; but they was tremendous tough, sure-ly."

At this point Mr. Barkum was interrupted by a general shout of remonstrance.

"Well," says he, "when a lady tells a man she wants a story of a shipwreck, what's he to do? I told the wery best I could." And with another grin Mr. Barkum, who seemed not so much to have told his story as to have had it jerked out of him, leaned back and looked round him, apparently well satisfied with the effect he had produced.

"Humph!" was uttered in a hoarse growl behind him, at which we all started—for it came from no other than the "silent man"—an old sea-captain, who had been picked up nobody knew where or how, and who had not uttered a syllable since he had been on board. He would stand all day long looking over the stern of the vessel, gloomy and intent—giving no answer to whomsoever addressed him. But now he stooped over Miss Graham, and laying one rough hand on her shoulder while with the other he pointed out beyond the stern of the vessel:

"She'll do it," he said, in a hoarse whisper; "she'll do it—she's bound to do it."

And he walked rather unsteadily to his old position.

"He's been at our grog-bottles; that's what's opened his lips. He never has any of his own, and you saw him come up from the saloon," said Captain Graham, shaking himself out of a doze.

But his sister was all astonishment. "Who is she, and what is she bound to do? It can't be this ship, for he pointed out to sea."

"Never mind, miss," said Mr. Minchin—a lean, yellow-faced man, who looked like an American, though he called himself English. "Perhaps he's got somebody after him; who knows?" and he winked mysteriously, not so much at any one person as at the whole ship's crew. "Though when I'm after a man myself I take good care he sha'n't know much about it."

"You after a man, Mr. Minchin! why, what do you go after him for?"

"Well, ma'am, for various reasons; sometimes for one thing, and sometimes for another. Now, there was the captain of the *Golden Fleece*. I followed that man four years, and I'll tell you how it happened.

"The *Golden Fleece* was bound from California to Liverpool, and, besides a very valuable cargo of furs and such like, she had on board a quarter of a million in gold dust and nuggets. Pretty pickings among that, I can tell you, and so thought the captain—Jones, his name was. Now, I dare say, Captain Jones didn't like the risks of a voyage home; so after he had been at sea ten days he ran the *Golden Fleece* on a rock about a mile from the shore, and then he and the crew took to the boats. Well, of course he wrote home to the owners how the *Golden Fleece* was wrecked off the coast of California, and how he and the crew only just escaped with their lives. And, of course, the owners didn't like it; nor the underwriters didn't like it; for they were let in for a quarter of a million, besides the worth of the vessel and the fifty thousand pounds sterling that the cargo was valued at; and that's no joke.

"So after a few months they sends for me. 'Mr. Minchin,' says they, 'this is a very lame story!'

"'It is,' says I, 'very lame.'

"'Captain Jones don't come home,' says they.

"'No,' says I, 'nor I don't suppose he's very likely to come home.'

"'Mr. Minchin, will you go out and see after the *Golden Fleece*?'

"'I will,' says I.

"'And will you,' says they, 'learn something about Captain Jones? Never mind the time and never mind the expense, but don't come back to England without Captain Jones.'

"'If Captain Jones is to be found,' says I, 'I'll find him, dead or alive.'

"Well, ma'am, of course this was not the first time by many that I'd been on some such errand; and for one cause or another I've been sent out from Lloyd's to places all over the world, almost, where vessels have been wrecked.

"But not to weary you, ma'am, and the company, with an account of the voyage and adventures—and indeed we had none of the latter, except that in crossing the isthmus of Panama, which was not so quiet then as it is now, we wiped out a small party of Indians—'

"Wiped them out, Mr. Minchin?"

"Well, miss, if we hadn't wiped them out they'd have wiped us out: I'll tell you the whole story some day. But to go back to the *Golden Fleece*. I went along the coast—and I found her. There she was, just in as good condition as on the day when the crew deserted her. I went on board at low water, and found that Captain Jones had run her on a sharp-pointed rock, which fitted into her just like a wedge; the water couldn't get in, and she couldn't get off or be got off without considerable trouble. I went over her and found the cargo all right enough; nothing touched there, and very little damaged. But all the gold was gone, ma'am, which I had expected from the first. Well, I first of all got out the cargo, and sent that home, and then did the best I could about the ship.

"After that, thinks I to myself, 'Now, Captain Jones, it's your turn; and a pretty stiff turn it'll be for you, or my name ain't Minchin.' I wasn't in no manner of hurry, you must remember—for I knew he couldn't spend the money, and I knew he daren't invest it, or make much stir about it in any way. So my object was to find him, and to find him quietly, and make him give it up.

"Well! You'll maybe hardly believe it, but it was three years before I could come upon that man's track. I did come upon it at last though, and I was pretty sure I had found him in a Mr. Weeks, settled in Canada. Naturally, business took me to the place where Mr. Weeks lived, and I soon picked up acquaintance with him.

"He was Captain Jones. I found out that; and before long I was more sure than ever that he had neither spent the money nor invested it; but where he'd got it I couldn't tell.

"After a time Mr. Weeks and I got to be very great friends, and at the end of six months Mr. Weeks began to talk of how he should like to go into business—something in the commercial line—as he had a small capital to invest. 'Very small!' thinks I to myself. 'Only a quarter of a million!' However, I said that was just what I was looking out for too, and so, to make a long story short, we agreed to enter into partnership, and by my advice we were to go first to Liverpool, and make arrangements with different firms there.

"I must confess that voyage home did seem rather a long one; but it was over at last, and Mr. Weeks and I were walking along the streets of Liverpool. So I put one hand to my belt, where I had pistols—and he knew it, and carried pistols himself—and the other I laid on his shoulder.

"'Now Captain Jones, of the *Golden Fleece*,' says I, 'I've been after you this four years, and I've got you safe home at last.' Ma'am, if you'll believe it, that man never said a word, but just fixed his eyes on me and staggered against the wall. Now, I didn't want to give him into custody if I could help it; for I knew that those who employed me would a good deal rather let him go free and they have their gold, than see him transported and carry with him the secret of where it was hidden.

"So I told him that he might let me know next morning whether I should hand him over to a police-constable, or whether he'd tell me where he'd got the gold.

"He never spoke a word. So I led him to an inn, and locked myself in a room with him till the next morning."

"Were you not afraid he'd shoot you, Mr. Minchin?"

"No, I wasn't afraid he'd shoot me, but I was terribly afraid he'd shoot himself. However, I kept a sharp eye on him, and as he saw he'd no chance of getting off anyhow, he just made a clean breast of it. So the end was, that we got back nearly the whole of the gold dust, which he'd buried soon after landing from the wreck. I knew all along that he hadn't got it with him. And they that employed me made me a present of a thousand pounds over and above what had been agreed on for that job."

"Well," said young Wilson, who looked wide awake, "you're a queer fish. May I ask if you're after any body now?"

"Maybe I am, and maybe I am not. But, I suppose, you don't think I am after *you*?"

"Why, no. I am pretty sure of that, anyhow. But I wish you were after that one-armed fellow."

"Keep your mind easy, Mr. Wilson. He'll put his own head into the halter, if there's one made for him; and I do know that there's friends awaiting for him in England, who'll be very glad to see him home again."

"There, now, I knew there was something! Now, Minchin, do tell us what it is; there's a good fellow."

"Not I, Mr. Wilson. No, ma'am, nor I don't tell you neither: nor we don't have no secret about the matter."

And Mr. Minchin kept his word. So, who the one-armed captain was, or what he had done, we could not find out until we reached Plymouth. Every one avoided him instinctively, our own captain setting the example; and all the latter part of the voyage young Wilson slept on deck, rather than share the same cabin with him. But it was only when, in answer to our signals, two police officers came off to our vessel in the river and arrested this man that we heard the story of the slow, cruel torture, the barbarous murder, committed by him on board his ship in the River Bonny, twelve years before.

The "Silent Man," after he had once spoken, was no longer inaccessible. We used to join him in his watch at the stern of the vessel, and say:

"Well, Sir, will she do it?"

His invariable answer, pointing backward over the sea, was

"She'll do it; she's bound to do it, and she'll do it."

As we entered Plymouth harbor he once more sought Miss Graham, put his hand on her shoulder, and, pointing in the invariable direction, said,

"She's done it. She was bound to do it, and she's done it."

I have no clear idea to this day who "she" was, or what she was bound to do, or what she did, or how or when or why she did it, or what would have happened to her or to you or to me if she had not done it.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

DEFINITIONS FROM A POPULAR DICTIONARY.—*Life*—A time to make money. *Money*—The end of life. *Man*—A machine to make money. *Woman*—A machine to spend it. *Children*—Machines to spend it on. *Economy*—Buying things because they are cheap, whether you want them or not.

Peter Macnally, a lame Dublin attorney, wanted to be enrolled in a volunteer corps. "You'd never do, Peter," said the officer to whom he applied for admission; "the more we told you to march the more you'd *halt*."

Certainly no beings ever yet lived the life nature intended them to live, nor had fair play for heart and mind, who contrived by hook or by crook to marry the wrong person.

During the Reign of Terror the mob got hold of the Abbé Maury, and resolved to sacrifice him. "To the lamp-post with him!" was the universal cry. The abbé was in a bad fix with a mob for his judges—the tender mercies of a mob! With the utmost coolness the abbé said to those who were dragging him along, "Well, if you hang me to the lamp-post, will you see any clearer for it?" This bright sally tickled his executioners and saved his life.

An Irish paper describing a late duel says that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh bone.

Fox had a great respect for the genius of his rival, Pitt. He used to say, "I never want *a* word, but he never wants *the* word."

A good action is never thrown away, and perhaps that is the reason why we find so few of them.

Mr. Trelawney, the author of "Recollections of Shelley and Byron," when Byron was lying dead at Missolonghi, sent his servant Fletcher out of the room by a stratagem, uncovers his friend's feet, examines them, and then publishes to the world that both Byron's feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr.

It happened once that the Kadi (a judge) of Sarry-Hissar (a village near Constantinople) got drunk and fell asleep in his vineyard; the Khojah, walking with a friend, passed by the place, and seeing the Kadi's condition, stole his gown and placed it upon his shoulders. When the Kadi awoke and missed his gown, he summoned his attendants, and sending them in different directions, commanded them to arrest the person with whom it should be discovered. One of the officers recognized the gown on the Khojah's back, and seizing him, dragged him to the Melikemeh (the public tribunal). When the Kadi saw him, he demanded: "Khojah Effendi, where didst thou find this gown?" The Khojah answered in a loud voice, so that all the spectators might hear: "As I was walking this morning with a friend, we saw a Kadi so reckless of the holy law he was appointed to administer that he lay in an open field, dead drunk and asleep. My companion, in indignation, spit upon and kicked him; I took his cloak and put it on me. If it be thy property, I am willing to resign it to thee." "No, no, Khojah!" cried the Kadi, alarmed for his reputation; "it is none of mine! it is none of mine!"

It is recorded that an eminent bug-catcher chased a butterfly nine miles before he could catch him. The chase for butterflies still continues, and some people expend all their lives in chase of them in some form or other.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—While a worthy individual, of the march of intellect school, was "laying down the law," the other day, to a knot of acquaintances in one of the streets of Cupar, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavoring to raise a sack of potatoes upon his cart, and who, on the instant, thus appealed to the man of knowledge—"Come awa, Mr. ——; knowledge is *power*, ye ken—*gi'e us a lift on wi' this poke o' taties!*"

A young man in "these parts," who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting for the Bar, was asked after his examination how he got along?

"Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right."

"Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with looks of paternal satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness. "And what was that?"

"They asked me what a *qui tum* action was."

"That was a hard one! And you answered it correctly, did you?"

"Yes. I told them I did not know."

Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but none of them are so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at an advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body"—so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of life smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst the rocks and shoals which endanger its existence—to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

A patriotic Austrian (a rare species in Austria, where there is so very little to be patriotic about) was bragging to the editor of Murray's "Hand-book" about his country. It took the lead in civilization—it was the grandest, the purest, the freest, the best Fatherland. "In fact, Sir," he exclaimed, "I tell you that Austria is before all the world." "Yes, much the same way that chaos was," was the happy reply.

"Friend B——, a Quaker of this vicinity," writes a Western friend, "had a daughter who, for some time, had attracted the admiration of a neighboring swain, whose visits to the domicile of friend B—— were not altogether agreeable. The young man (whose name is T——) having made his appearance one *first* day afternoon at the home of his lady-love, after discoursing with that amiable personage at length upon the weather, crops, etc., was invited to one side by Friend B——, and addressed in the language of that worthy as follows: 'Thomas, if thee comes to my house as a friend and neighbor, it is all very well; but as for any thing farther, I just thought I would "nip it in the bud!"'."

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the promising young man.

We have at last discovered the reason gentlemen of the present day stoop so; it is on account of their being constantly *bent* upon pleasure. We hope they will not be straitened by circumstances.

Shuter, the comedian, thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

A tippler who had his load on "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly-painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

A paper giving an account of Toulouse in France, says: "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*"

Elizabeth Hamilton narrowly escaped being left behind when Grammont was suddenly called away to France. The lady's brother pursued him to the coast, and, entering his chamber, said, "Monsieur, have you forgot nothing?" "Pardon, gentleman," was his reply, "I forgot to marry your sister!" He returned immediately, and La Belle Hamilton became Comtesse de Grammont.

Money is like fire, a good servant but a bad master. It may be charged with injustice for mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false. We hate to be cheated, not so much for the value of the commodity, as because it makes others appear superior to ourselves. Being defrauded would be nothing, were it not so galling to be outwitted. A Greek philosopher left his money in the hands of a friend to be given to his children in case they should be fools; "for," said he, "if they are wise, they will not want it."

"You are a Yankee," said a fellow, tauntingly, to his neighbor. "Well, Sir, I am no more responsible for having been born a Yankee than you are for having been born a donkey."

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Peoria County, Illinois, held a short time since, a question arose as to paying the constable and sheriff's fees in the Circuit Court, amounting to about eight hundred dollars. The Board were somewhat divided on the subject, a portion considering the amount altogether unreasonable, while others advocated an appropriation for its payment, and quite an animated discussion arose. After several ineffectual attempts, one M'Ginnis, who opposed the motion, obtained the floor. Throwing himself back in the true Websterian style, he commenced: "Gentlemen, at the last meeting of this Board I desired a small appropriation, a very insignificant sum, to clean the *mice* out of this room, who have been eating up the county papers. You denied my request, and you now ask me to vote for a large appropriation for *rats*. Gentlemen, I will not do it." This was a quietus—and the Board immediately adjourned.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.

In the town of B——, in times gone by, lived good old Mother Brown, a contented, peaceful woman, but like all humans, subject to "the ills that flesh is heir to;" consequently she fell sick, and fearing her sudden demise, her friends informed her that she had not long to live. "Oh, well," cried she, "I am a poor sinful creature, and would as soon die now as any time *if I thought I could live through it!*"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax; "what will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man has six heads in his hat."

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our Western States, to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by the dogs."

Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.

"If we only said one half the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might have said, what choice fellows we should be!" Sure enough. Almost any body can be witty if you give him time. We have now in our memory a list of about twenty smart things that we might have said, if we had only thought of them on the proper occasions.

In old times it was often customary to add to marriage notices some compliments to the bride, such as "a very charming young lady," or "a lady possessed of every quality that is calculated to render the marriage state happy." But, such is the degeneracy of the day, we notice in a Massachusetts paper a marriage for which great happiness is predicted, because the parties, who had never met personally before, and had known each other only by correspondence, were "fascinated more by the charms of the mind than by personal appearance."

He who tells all the truth he knows must lie in the streets.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, April* 26, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Apr. 24, 1858	$3,643,873....	$1,286,359
Corresponding week, 1857	4,838,784....	1,249,688
Decrease	$1,194,911	
Increase		$36,671

The export of specie was merely nominal, being less than twenty thousand dollars, and the Banks are not likely to show any change either way this afternoon, though next week, in all probability, their average will exceed thirty-four millions. Money continues to decline in value; it is exceedingly difficult to loan any considerable amounts at four per cent., and there is but a slender prospect of such a revival of trade as would give employment to any considerable portion of the specie accumulated here. Sterling Exchange closed for the steamer at 108¼ @ 109.

Stocks have been very dull throughout the week, especially on Friday and Saturday. There is no change in prices, but no activity of any kind. The speculators do not seem to move, and the public holds aloof. In the present condition of the money market, however, it is reasonable to expect a revival of speculation in stocks at any moment.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, April* 26, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Flour, at improved prices. The demand has been good for home use and fair for export. Wheat has been in moderate request at drooping rates. Corn has fluctuated slightly, closing pretty briskly and firmly. Oats have been depressed and have tended downward....Cotton was more freely dealt in, especially on Thursday, when as much as 10,000 bales found buyers. Prices advanced ⅛ c. @ ¼ c. per pound, but they now lean in favor of purchasers....Provisions have been in better request, including Pork, here and to arrive, and holders have obtained higher rates....Coffee has attracted more attention at full prices. Sugars have been freely offered and purchased, closing at rather easier quotations. A moderate inquiry has prevailed for Teas at uniform figures. Rice has been more sought after for home use and for export, at unchanged prices....Hay and Hops have been moderately inquired for at former rates....Hemp and Grass Seeds have been lightly dealt in....Tobacco has attracted considerable attention at steady quotations....Purchasers have operated more extensively in Wool at uniform prices....Dry Goods are generally in somewhat better demand, and all really desirable styles command full prices. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $904,838 against $1,775,908 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $16,399,276 against $36,297,742 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 50
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 20	@	4 55
Extra Western Flour, per barrel.......	4 35	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel....	4 35	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 30	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 55	@	8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 60
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 50	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel.............	1 12	@	1 45
Red Wheat, per bushel	98	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	73	@	77
Rye, per bushel	67	@	68
Barley, per bushel...................	60	@	68
Western Oats, per bushel	48	@	50
State Oats, per bushel...............	46	@	49
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	44	@	47
Southern Oats, per bushel............	35	@	42
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel................	19 00	@	19 10
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	15 25	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 25	@	11 25
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	7 50	@	8 25
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	7	@	10
Lard, per pound......................	11¼	@	11½
State Butter, per pound..............	16	@	28
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	20
Cheese, per pound....................	7	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	22	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	36	@	36½
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	—
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds.............	45	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 75	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50	@	51
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 50	@	1 55
American Fleece Wool	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool	20	@	33
Kentucky Tobacco	6½	@	16
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35

Freights continued depressed and languid. For Liverpool—Cotton, ⅛d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 4½d. per barrel; Grain, 3½d. @ 4½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Crude Turpentine, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 2s. 9d. @ 3s. 3d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 841.. Seamen were quite scarce and in moderate request on the following terms:

	Wages.	Advance.
To Liverpool .... per month	$16	$25
To London	16	20
To Havre.............................	16	20
To North of Europe	16	18
To Mediterranean......................	15	15
To South America	15	15
To West Indies	16	16
To East Indies and California.........	12	24
To New Orleans	16 @ 18	12 @ 15
Coasting	18	9

The supply of Beeves at the Live Stock Markets last Wednesday exceeded the requirements of buyers, and prices declined a shade....Milch Cows were more abundant and in better request, at uniform rates....Veal Calves were dull and heavy, with increased receipts....Sheep and Lambs were in moderate supply and demand, at somewhat easier prices....Swine were pretty freely offered and purchased at rather higher quotations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *April* 14.	Week ending *April* 21.
Beeves........................	3,105	3,189
Milch Cows	204	289
Veal Calves...................	1,000	1,145
Sheep and Lambs	3,766	3,339
Swine	7,740	8,371

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois.............	1462	Michigan	64
Ohio.................	653	Pennsylvania	36
New York............	259	Virginia	35
Indiana.............	112	Kentucky............	21

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound...	$ 8	@	$ 11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head...........	3 50	@	12 00
" " per pound..........	10½	@	12½
Live Swine, per pound................	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5¾	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 25	@	2 50

The Country Produce Markets are more freely supplied with early vegetables, chiefly from Bermuda and the South, and, as the demand is moderate, prices do not exhibit any remarkable alteration.....Fruit and Poultry are in light supply and rather limited request....Eggs are quite plenty, the daily receipts being very heavy, and prices rule low.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel....................	$3 00	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound..............	6	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound...............	18	@	20
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Potatoes, old, per barrel.............	1 50	@	3 75
" per bushel..........................	60	@	80
" new, from Bermuda, per barrel .	6 50	@	—
" sweet, per barrel.................	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, old, per barrel	1 50	@	3 50
" new, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	—
Turnips, per barrel...................	40	@	50
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	—
Carrots, per barrel...................	1 75	@	2 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	—
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches..............	4 00	@	5 00
Lettuce, per 100 bunches..............	2 50	@	5 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches.............	3 50	@	—
Spinach, per barrel...................	1 00	@	1 25
German Sprouts, per barrel	75	@	90
Green Peas, per barrel	8 00	@	—
Tomatoes, per box.....................	1 50	@	—
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	11	@	12
Chickens, per pair....................	75	@	1 00
Fowls, per pound......................	12	@	17
Fowl, per pair	1 00	@	1 35
Ducks, per pound	19	@	20
Turkeys, per pound....................	14	@	18
Geese, per pound......................	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	3 00

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